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'TWIXT GREEK AND BARB

WILLIAM C. LEVERE

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'TWIXT GREEK AND BARB

A STORY OF UNIVERSITY LIFE

BY

WILLIAM C. LEVERE

EVANSTON, ILL.
WILLIAM S. LORD
PUBLISHER
1900

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The song in Chapter X originally appeared in the *Arrow*, a college annual published by the Massasoits, in opposition to the *Syllabus*, which was then controlled by the fraternities. The name of the author is unknown.

CHAPTER I.

TWO FRESHMEN.

Silence reigned on the campus. The quiet moon, sailing in the blue sea above, lightened the earth with its soft radiance. The surface of the lake was at rest, and only now and then the gentle breeze bore its murmur across the scholastic grove. Like a king among its kind, the old oak stood a sentinel at the entrance with the shimmer of the moonlight glowing from its leaves. The majesty of University Hall was rendered doubly impressive by the quietude. All of the college buildings, save one, were so devoid of the life, which had filled them a few hours before, that they seemed like ghosts of the structures they had been. In the domicile of the "bibs" alone was there any semblance of

the activities that through the day enlivened the scene. Yonder, on the southeast edge of the campus was the little red brick building of the University Life Saving crew. Upon the porch in one corner, a figure trod back and forth, whose watchful eyes closely scanned the broad expanse of water to the east.

From the shadow of the trees that darkened the space between Heck and University Halls, the form of a lithe young fellow emerged, and as he walked along at a swinging gait the even click of his feet upon the walk rang out clear on the night. He had a sturdy carriage, and his brown face was attractive and pleasant. As he strode along, his blue eyes glistening at the beauty of the campus and lake, he drew in deep breaths of the invigorating air of late September. The clock in the tower tolled as he passed the old stone steps. He counted each stroke from one to ten, and, as the last died away, he quickened his already rapid pace. When he reached University

Place, he was met by a young man who came from the south.

"Hello, Hale," exclaimed the young man who had come from the campus, and whose name was Steven Harding, "isn't this a beautiful night?"

"Out of sight," returned the other. "Where have you been?"

"Up at Heck, grinding out Livy with Jack Williams. Anything new?"

"Nothing especially," replied the young man addressed as Hale, although he seemed to utter the words somewhat evasively.

Harding was about to pass on, when he noticed in the buttonhole of the other's coat the ribbon of a college fraternity. His face flushed, and, taking a step nearer, he pointed to the colors and asked, "Harney Hale, what does that mean?"

Hale hesitated a moment, and then said, "You ought to know what it means, Steve, I've pledged."

"Pledged," cried Harding incredulously, "Pledged, Harney Hale, I don't believe it."

"You don't believe it," said the other. "Why don't you believe it? Haven't I the right to join a fraternity if I wish?"

"No, you haven't the right," retorted Harding. "You know you haven't the right for a year. You were elected President of the Freshman class on the barb ticket. Now, within a week, you have gone over to the Greeks."

"I never agreed to keep out of a frat," protested Hale.

"No, of course you didn't, but you knew as well as I, if it had not been understood that you would, you could not have been elected. For years, the fraternities have been running things. A man who didn't wear a pin could not get an elective college honor. The fraternity men always combined against him. You know that was the reason why we stood together in the Freshman class this fall and elected you President, and now, within a week, you have on the colors. The Greeks seem bound to win anyway. If they can't elect

a man, they can initiate a man that has been elected. I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

At the last words, Hale lost his temper, and, looking his critic squarely in the face, he sneered, "Sorehead."

If Harding had succeeded in restraining himself before, he did so no longer. "Sorehead," he repeated. "Hale, you know that is not so. Why, I could have been wearing the very colors you have on, if I had wanted to. I've made up my mind that fraternities have run things at Northwestern long enough, and it has to be stopped; a few traitors more or less will not hinder. Good night."

It would have surprised the classmates of Steven Harding and Harney Hale to have witnessed this quarrel. Harding had come from a Wisconsin town two years before and had entered the same class in "Prep" with Hale, who was from Central Illinois. The two had been intimate through their course in "Prep," and their friendship

had been carried into their college life which was but a few weeks old.

It will be gathered from the conversation that had just passed between them that their estrangement was a result of Hale's pledging himself to a fraternity. Both of the boys were well acquainted with fraternity methods at Northwestern, and Harding had often said, while in the preparatory school, "When I get into college, I don't intend the Greeks shall have things all their own way." He had never found Hale reciprocal to these expressions, for the latter's glimpses of fraternity life had impressed him that it was extremely desirable.

At the opening of the college year the usual combination for the officers of the Freshman class was made by the fraternities, but for the first time in years they met defeat. Harding, who was a born politician, lined up the Barbarian host, and elected an anti-fraternity ticket with his friend, Harney Hale, as president. The defeat had been distasteful to the fraternity

men, and Hale, being a desirable man, soon received a "bid," which he accepted the evening our story opens.

When the two collegians parted, Hale hurried along the walk south of the campus to the shore of the lake. His destination was the Life-Saving Station. Hale was a member of the student Life-Saving Crew that had done so much to make his university famous. He was earning his own way through college, and the monthly stipend, paid by the government to the student life-savers, was enabling him to get an education, as it had many another youth who had been graduated from the old college by the lake. It was the hour for Hale to go on watch.

As he relieved Tom Rennick, whose watch had just ended, the latter growled, "Say, Harney, you're ten minutes late. I waited for you so the captain would keep out of your wool."

"Thank you, old man," said Harney, affectionately patting Rennick on the back.

It was the duty of the man on watch at this hour to make the beach patrol. His trip was along the shore to the north for three miles, where he wound the station time-keeper with a key kept locked in a post that stood on a point of land reaching out into the lake. Harney strapped the time-keeper about him, and hurried along the beach. His thoughts were of his quarrel with Harding and of his pledge to Alpha Phi Epsilon. He did not regret his pledge, for fraternity life seemed to promise much of what he most valued in college experience. At the same time, his reflections told him that Harding's assertion about his election as class President was true. The Barbarians had elected him as their candidate, and his acceptance of a "bid" had robbed them of a victory.

"There is an honorable way out of it," he thought, "I'll resign the Presidency."

CHAPTER II.

JOLLY COLLEGE BOYS.

"In Brooklyn city there lived a maid and she was known to fame;
Her mother's name was Mary Ann and her's was Mary Jane;
And every Saturday morning she used to go over the river,
And went to market where she sold eggs and sausages, likewise liver."

It was a rollicking crowd of fellows that was gathered in the room of Harding and his chum, Leslie Owen.

Leslie was sitting on the study table, beating time with a poker and leading in a tremendous vociferation of "Michael Roy." Scattered about the room, some on chairs, some standing, and some sprawling on the floor, were the singers whom he was leading in the good old college glee. Knappy Rich was strumming out the accompaniment to the song on his banjo, while Teddy Merrill was vigorously beating on a tambourine that had once done service at a

student minstrel show. Every man in the room was a Freshman. They had been planning for the annual cane rush with the "bold, bad Sophomores." It was in the days when the cane rush was a time-honored institution at Northwestern, and eagerly looked forward to by the entire university. The afternoon of the next day had been selected for the rush, and the members of the two classes had been in training for the event since the opening of the term. The anxiety of the Freshmen to carry canes during their first year in college was in direct ratio to the Sophomores' determination that the lower classmen should not gain that coveted distinction. The question as to who would win the rush was an even one. The classes were nearly matched in numbers.

The room had been filled during the earlier part of the evening. Now that some of the crowd had gone, Leslie had started the words of the swinging melody. The

fellows had finished the first verse, and were starting on the chorus,

"For oh, for oh, he is my darling boy,"

when the door of the room opened and Harding entered. The gay crowd stopped its singing, and gathered about him. He was the most popular man in his class, and his known strength made him a valuable man for the cane rush. They greeted him with a chorus of "hellos," which he acknowledged with a grin, while he held a handful of dodgers above his head and cried, "See, what I found on our doorstep."

"What are they?" asked several.

"Some Sophomore screed which I suppose we'll find the town plastered with in the morning," he replied.

A chorus of derisive groans went up from the crowd.

"What a frost," cried Teddy. "Couldn't they do something better than that?"

"Read what they say," suggested Leslie.

"Listen," he replied, and then he read aloud one of the bills:

"CANE RUSH."

Freshies at last have a meeting and down the "Bibs."
Freshies had to drink Moxie for three weeks to do it.
Freshies will never dare to have a cane rush.
Freshies are afraid the naughty Sophs will hurt them.
Freshies are not physically strong enough to carry canes.
Freshies don't want Blood.
Freshies are invertebrate animals.
Freshies need nursing bottles, not canes.

Subscriptions received by Sophs for Freshman Moxie Fund.

'RAH FOR NINETY-BLANK!

When he had finished, there was such a howl of disdain from the listeners that the good landlady, Mrs. Lockley, was constrained to pound on the ceiling of her room, just beneath, in the vain hope of inducing quiet.

"We'll show 'em we don't need Moxie,"

cried Teddy Merrill, brandishing his tambourine wildly.

"Brave men, they," seconded Knappy, "circulating dodgers by stealth in the dark. We'll teach the 'wise fools' a trick or two, to-morrow."

A Freshman never forgets that "Sophomore" is derived from the Greek, meaning "wise fool." That is, he remembers it, at least, until the close of his Freshman year.

"Say, Steve," said Leslie to his roommate, "the boys have picked you out to tackle 'Keg' Dollivan."

"Keg" Dollivan was the giant of the Sophomore class, and, if the truth must be told, none of the Freshmen were overly desirous of having him for an antagonist.

"How complimentary," laughed Steve, "I suppose you took advantage of my not being here to give me hard work, good and plenty."

Gene Jennings, a red-headed youth who was leaning against the wall, said, "Hold me responsible for that, old man. I

knew you were the only man we had who could hold him down, and I made the motion."

"You made the motion," retorted Steve, "and I'll bet every other fellow hurried to second it. Oh, what a green, green pippin I am!"

"You see, Steve," said Leslie, "we knew you were the best man we had to tackle 'Keg,' and we would have given you the job whether you were here or not. So stop your growling."

"I suppose it's a cinch; I'll have to do it," said Steve.

The boys burst into uproarious cheering. Suddenly, from the foot of the stairway in the hall below, came the voice of Mrs. Lockley, "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

Not a sound was heard. The stillness that fell upon the crowd was remarkable.

Again came the voice of the boarding mistress: "Gentlemen, I say, gentlemen, why don't you answer me?"

The stillness became even denser. Mrs.

Lockley waited for a reply, but the silent students gave none. Then the voice of her daughter, Maggie, was heard as in the sweetest tones she called to her maternal parent, "Mamma, dear, they don't answer because there are no gentlemen there."

CHAPTER III.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S FENCE.

Maggie's wit had succeeded, where Mrs. Lockley's remonstrances were all in vain. The noisy Freshmen had stealthily stolen down the stairs and out of the house as soon as they were sure that the boarding mistress was not standing sentinel at the banister-post below.

Steve and Leslie had made them solemnly promise not to give the yell in the hall below. "For if you do," said Steve, "we'll catch it in the morning."

They kept their promise, and did not give the yell in the hall, but, when they reached the porch, they gave it a dozen times, while Gene Jennings emphasized each 'rah with a fierce jerk of the bell knob. Leslie threw up a window, and emptied a pitcher of water on the crowd. Most of it descended on the irrepressible Gene. Far from quenching his ardor, the

water kindled it the more. He shrieked louder, and pulled harder than ever, until the knob he so savagely clutched came loose, and he fell back into the arms of his friends.

The crowd then chased down the street, singing:

"We'll never get drunk any more!"

"I hope the whole crowd will get run in," said Steve, savagely, as the voices died away in the distance.

That night, after the two chums were in bed, Leslie asked, "Steve, have you heard the latest?"

"What is it?"

"Harney Hale has pledged to Alpha Phi Epsilon."

"I know it," replied Steve, "I met him to-night, and he was wearing the colors,"

"Did you speak about it?" asked Leslie.

"Decidedly. I let him know what I thought of his joining a frat after being elected class president by the barbs."

"Steve, I don't believe there is any use

trying to 'buck' the frats. They combine, and win out nine times in ten."

"They are strong because they unite," said Steve. "I hear they are going to try to elect Bob Staver editor of the *Northwestern* to-morrow."

"I don't see how they can do that," replied Leslie. " 'Keg' Dollivan is the barb candidate, and a majority of the voters are barbs."

"Will 'Keg' run for the place?" asked Steve.

"Yes, we went over the ground together this afternoon, and the barbs have a clear majority of twenty in the societies."

It was the custom, formerly, to choose the staff of the college paper from the members of Hinman and Adelphic, the literary societies, and none, but members of these two societies, had any voice in the election. The responsibility had been shared, until the year before, by Ossoli, the woman's "lit," but Ossoli had disbanded, and left the field to the men's societies.

This year the combined membership of Hinman and Adelphic was eighty. Fifty of this number were non-fraternity men, better known as barbs, the abbreviation for Barbarians, a cognomen applied to all students outside the Greek letter societies.

The fraternities at Northwestern were Alpha Phi Epsilon, Kappa Alpha Phi, Theta Kappa Epsilon, Sigma Beta Psi, Upsilon Chi, and Delta Phi. These societies were very popular, and a "bid" to any of them was rarely refused. The college sisterhoods were no less strong in the university than the fraternities; and the sororities were represented by Theta Phi Kappa, Gamma Alpha, Phi Theta, Beta Kappa Gamma, and Theta Alpha Delta. The mystery and companionship that characterized the Greeks, as the fraters and sorors were called, appealed strongly to the imaginative minds of the young students. By many of them, a proffer of membership in one of these societies was the most highly prized distinction of their college life. Recently

the fraternities had grown so powerful that they controlled student affairs with ease. The class elections, the selection of prize contestants, the honors which were bestowed by the students themselves, were manipulated as the Greeks dictated. Occasionally, a popular and able barb was elected to position, but this was unusual. This was attained only when the barbs united, a move which the lack of organization and of leaders made infrequent. Two of their most notable victories had been won at the opening of the fall term, when "Keg" Dollivan and Harney Hale were elected Presidents of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. In each instance a popular fraternity man had been defeated, and this had made the society men wrathy, while only whetting the appetite of the barbs for other conquests. This was why they had brought out a candidate for editor of the *Northwestern*, the college paper. This position had been held by fraternity men for years. The anti-frater-

nity candidate, "Keg" Dollivan, was backed by all the barbs in college. His Christian name was Henry, but his size had won him the title of "Keg" during his first term, and as "Keg" he was known throughout his college course. The year before he had received a "bid" from Upsilon Chi, and had refused. His refusal did not arise from any antipathy to fraternities, but the Upsilon Chis had the reputation of maintaining the most expensive chapter in college, and "Keg," who was making his own way, felt that he could not afford to join them.

Bob Staver, whom the frat men had selected as his opponent for the editorship, was a Senior. He was a member of Sigma Beta Psi. His literary record in college was unexcelled and, if the fight for supremacy on the morrow was to be settled by merit instead of by the strength of two factions, his claims for the position would be considerable.

"The difficulty in fighting the frats," said Leslie, "is that, no matter what your

reasons may be, they always cry 'sour grapes!'"

"Certainly they do," rejoined Steve. "They have to fight us some way, and that is an effective one. No fellow wants to have that intimated. Yet you know well enough it is not true. For instance, there is 'Keg.' He was 'bid' by the Upsilon Chis, and refused, while we might have been Alpha Phi Epsilons."

"We might have been, but we refused. You, because you dislike certain phases of the fraternity system, and I, because I never will join a fraternity, unless you are a member of it."

"That is the only reason I hated to refuse. As far as our friendship is concerned, it would make no difference. I don't like to feel, old chum, that I have stopped you from doing something, I half suspect you would rather have done."

"Whatever I have done, I am satisfied," said Leslie. "I value your friendship too highly to lose it. I have seen enough of

fraternities to know that, if one of two chums joins, and the other stays out, their intimacy is ended. We might try to keep up our friendship, but the very conditions are such that we could not. The frat man finds new friends, who take up his time, while the independence of the other keeps him from seeking a companionship which might be misinterpreted. You know what friends Tom Rennick and 'Keg' Dollivan were, until last year. This fall, Tom joined Delta Phi, and, since that, they are rarely seen together. A fellow's frat brothers are his closest friends, and the man who joins a fraternity, with the expectation of holding to his old associates, will be disappointed."

Their conversation was interrupted by the opening of the door to their room; and someone came stumbling over the chairs in the dark toward the bed.

"Who's there?" demanded Steve.

"Hist! It's Jack," whispered a voice.

"Jack Williams," ejaculated Steve." "What in thunder are you doing here?"

"Keep still," whispered the new-comer. "There's a great 'josh' on. We want you two to help."

"What is it?" asked Steve and Leslie, in the same breath.

"You know the racket, about the fence, between Judge Pike and Mr. Morden?" queried Williams.

"Yes."

"Well, Rodney Hammell and Joe Pinkney are out in front with brushes and a big pail of paint; and we're going to give those prominent Evanstonians a lesson in neighborly love and good will. Are you 'wid' us?"

"With both feet," said Leslie, and he and Steve climbed out of bed, and began to dress.

They lighted a lamp, and its rays revealed the personality of their visitor. Jack Williams was as broad as he was long, and he wasn't very long. He had come from Michigan a few weeks before, and, at the opening of college, had entered with

the Freshman class. His blue eyes twinkled with mischief, while his merry laugh was full of cheer. He roomed in Heck Hall among the "theologs," and the most somber "bib" liked him. Most of his classmates were amused, when they learned that, some day in the future, this bundle of fun and gaiety expected to grace a pulpit. Those who understood him best knew that all his pranks and quirks were nothing more than the bubbling forth of a merry soul, born full of joy. The fence, of which he spoke, had furnished amusement for all Evanston. Both town and gown had watched the controversy between the two citizens with smiles. The trouble had arisen because Judge Pike's back door and Mr. Morden's front door were opposite each other. The judge had built a house on a north-west corner, facing the campus. Mr. Morden's house was on the side street, directly back of the judge's, and fronted south. Its distance back from the sidewalk brought the kitchen and back

door of the Pike house in proximity to the front door and parlor of the Morden home. Mr. Morden declared that his property had been ruined. The judge replied that his neighbor exaggerated the damage, and asked, with reason, whether or not he could help having a kitchen and a back door. He said that he would be perfectly willing to have his kitchen and back door in the front of his house, if it were the custom, but, until it became so, he would keep them in their proper place. This did not satisfy Mr. Morden. His answer was a brick fence, eight feet high, on the lot line between the two residences. It was this fence that Jack intended to decorate.

Steve and Leslie were quickly dressed and outside with their guide. They found Hammell and Pinkney waiting for them with the paint and brushes. These two were Juniors who had joked their way through college. That is, they had done so for two years. Intimate friends prophesied that they would never complete their

course. So far, they had escaped the ban of the faculty. Their hoaxes were so ingenuous that everybody laughed at them, and were so well covered up that it was impossible to trace them to their perpetrators. Their pranks were innumerable. When the sign was stolen from the life-savers' practice-mast, and the "preps" found their old wooden building labeled "wreck;" one morning, they laughed, and said that Pinkney and Hammell had been stirring again. It is not for us to betray confidences, and to say whether or not they were guilty of even a small share of the charges made by their accusers. We draw aside the curtain, and let the light fall on one of their escapades—that is all.

After Hammell and Pinkney had cordially welcomed their new allies, the group wended its way toward the much discussed fence. They could scarcely suppress their pent-up hilarity. When they reached the seat of war, it was past midnight; and the neighborhood was in silence and blackness.

With the greatest caution, they advanced. Jack stubbed his toe, and would have uttered an exclamation, had not Hammell caught him, and smothered the noise with his hand. They began operations at once on the fence. Pinkney knew something of sign painting, and he superintended the work. With the aid of a dark-lantern, he rapidly outlined with chalk the letters to be painted. While he was doing this, Hammell took a number of lanterns from a little sack which he held, and gave one to each of the boys. These were quickly lighted, and each conspirator fell to work with paint and brush. All were intensely nervous, for none could tell at what moment they might be disturbed. They began work on Judge Pike's side of the fence, and it was a full hour before they finished. They began on the other side with increasing nervousness, for they felt that it involved more risk. It was near the sleeping-rooms of the Morden household. Breathlessly, they worked on.

Suddenly Jack whispered, "Great Scott, boys, see that!"

They looked in the direction he pointed, and saw a white figure approaching. A panic seized them, and with one accord they started to run. Steve was nearer the figure than the others, and, as he started with them, he heard a whinny. He laughed outright, and then, remembering where he was, called softly to the others who had halted at his laugh, "Fellows, it's a horse."

They went back to the creature which had startled them. Sure enough, it was Mr. Morden's white horse which had escaped from the stable. The animal seemed glad to see them and whinnied softly as Leslie stroked its nose.

"Goodness," whispered Hammell, "it will wake up the neighborhood."

Leslie and Jack led the animal to the back of the yard, where they found a rope, and tied the disturber to a tree. Work was then resumed with increased vim, and they finished their task as the college bell tolled three.

"Follow me with your tools to the lake," directed Hammell.

They hurried south to Church street, thence east to the lake. They ran out on one of the small piers, and sunk their brushes and pails beneath the surface of the water.

"Home," commanded Hammell, and, with whispered adieus, they hurried to their rooms.

When the two neighbors awoke next morning, both, by chance, glanced out of their windows, at the same time, toward the high fence. The astonished judge read in letters five feet long,

OUR NEIGHBOR'S FENCE.

while the equally astonished Mr. Morden read in letters of the same size,

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

GREEK MEETS BARB.

Steve's first recitation the next morning was at ten o'clock. It was within fifteen minutes of that hour when he awoke. He glanced at the clock, and sprang out of bed with a bound.

"I've made up for lost sleep all right," he thought, as he hurriedly dressed, "but I'll have to pay for it by missing my breakfast."

His first recitation was in Livy. As he hurried from the house, he glanced southward. His pulse beat quicker at what he saw. Laura Merrill always made Steve's pulse quicken. There was not another girl in the Freshman class, or, in truth, in all the classes who stirred up the red corpuscles in his veins as she did. But, then, there were other collegians who admired the wavy crown of brown hair, the gentle dark eyes, the winsome charm of manner that all belonged to Laura Merrill. Even

the dignified Seniors were wont to unbend when they came near the dainty little Freshman. She was an ardent sorority girl, and wore the badge of Gamma Alpha, but the oft-repeated Barbarian cry of "Greek snob" did not apply to her. One of the things that made her attractive to Steve was her democratic ways. The "bib" with the faded coat was treated by her with a courtesy as delicious as that she extended to the creased-trousered "sports" who smoked cigarettes with a "bold, bad air," when they walked down the streets with the "co-eds."

This morning she greeted Steve with a pleasant smile, and said, "I'm afraid the bell will ring before we get to Livy, Mr. Harding. I'm sure we're late."

He looked at his watch. "We have four minutes. Are you on terms of intimacy with Titus Livius this morning?"

"I'm afraid I'm predestined for a goose-egg," she answered. "I went to the meeting last night, instead of staying in my room

and studying, as I had great need to do."

"Did the girls have a meeting last night?" he queried.

"Why, yes, haven't you heard? Ossoli has been revived."

"Ossoli revived," he ejaculated.

"Yes, and you may congratulate me; I was elected president."

"Honestly, Miss Merrill, why was Ossoli re-organized?"

"What a funny question! You know what a literary society is for, don't you?" There was a twinkle in her eyes as she asked the question.

"It's too bad," he half muttered to himself, a perplexed look shadowing his face.

Laura laughed outright. "Which do you mean," she asked, "is it because we poor feminines want to be a little literary ourselves, or is your sorrow simply because I was elected president?"

"Pardon me, Miss Merrill," he hastened to say, "I didn't mean to be rude, but"—he hesitated a moment, then went on, "but you

cannot smile at me that way, just as if I were a great big dunce and couldn't see through a first class election scheme."

"Scheme!" she echoed, "Scheme! Why Mr. Harding, you know I'm no politician!"

"Miss Merrill," he asked, "wasn't Ossoli re-organized last night by a lot of sorority girls to help the frats in the election for *Northwestern* editor this noon?"

He looked her squarely in the face. She laughed, and gave him no answer.

"Answer me, if you can," he said, smiling at her.

"Mr. Harding, I'm not on the witness stand."

"Answer, if you dare," he reiterated.

"I refuse to be catechised," she laughed.

The college clock began to strike. "Mercy," she cried, "we've just been sauntering along, and, now, we'll be late."

They hurried up the stone steps into University Hall. As they entered the class room, the Professor was calling the roll.

"Miss Merrill."

"Present," she replied, and the class giggled.

"You're tardy and I'm not," she whispered, as they hurried to their seats. "That's the advantage of having your name begin with a letter well along in the alphabet."

"Have you heard the joke about the fence?" whispered Newt Mayburn, who sat next to Steve, as the latter took his seat.

"What joke?" asked Steve, noncommittally.

"Why, it was painted last night," whispered Newt. "Two big mottoes, 'Our Neighbor's Fence' and 'Love Your Neighbor as Yourself.' The whole town is laughing."

"Order gentlemen," called the Professor, looking in their direction, and the interruption saved Steve from responding.

Near the end of the hour Steve was called upon to recite. He read the lines with ease and sat down with a glow of satisfaction.

"That's good for a ten," whispered Newt.

"Miss Merrill," called the Professor.

Laura rose tremblingly. She had not studied the lesson, but rather than "flunk" she decided that she would try and sail through on her general knowledge of Latin.

"Miss Merrill," continued the professor, "you may read the last ten lines of the advance."

She looked at her book. It was the hardest part of the lesson, and she knew that she could not give the translation. She was about to say so, when the hour bell rang. The Professor was a miracle of promptness. He closed his book with a bang. "Forty lines for to-morrow. Class is excused."

Laura gathered up her books, while she whispered to herself, "Saved as by fire."

Steve hurried from the room in search of "Keg" Dollivan. He found him in the hall, and they went out on the campus toward the lake, Steve telling of the discovery he had made concerning Ossoli.

"Keg," who had been sure of his election, was startled by the new move of the enemy, "I declare," he said, "that is a sharp trick. Do you really think that is why they re-organized?"

"Dead sure," replied Steve.

"Are there any barb girls in it?"

"I don't know who is in it," said Steve, "but you may be sure that if it was fixed up to help Staver only sorority girls are members. Besides, they held the meeting at the last moment, so that it would be too late for any barb girls to get in until after the election this noon."

"We have a majority of twenty in Hinman and Adelphic," said "Keg." "Do you suppose there are that many in Ossoli?"

"I don't know what to think," said Steve. "All we can do now is to work until noon, and have all our forces on hand. We may defeat them yet, in spite of their maneuvers."

The chapel service was conducted by "Cebe" that noon. "Cebe's" days at chapel

were always popular with the students, for his prayers were short. A notice was handed up to the leader, and he read:

"All members of the college literary societies are requested to remain after chapel for the annual election of the editorial staff of the *Northwestern*.

While the faculty and the students who were not entitled to vote passed out, Steve anxiously watched the center of the chapel, where the girls sat, in order to see how many remained. His premonitions were confirmed, for all the girls that stayed were members of sororities. He knew that every one of their votes would be counted for the fraternity candidate, and he feared their ballots would outnumber the majority of twenty which the Barbarians had figured on from Hinman and Adelphic. Not a member of the two men's societies was absent. Leslie counted them. "Just eighty," he told Steve, "fifty barbs and thirty Greeks."

"We've got them beat, then," joyfully answered Steve, "there are only nineteen girls, and we'll win by one."

"Bully, bully, bully," whispered Leslie, rubbing his hands in glee.

Tom Rennick, the president of the Northwestern Association, took the chair, and appointed judges and collectors. The balloting began. It had become noised about the room that the barbs had a majority of one, and many, considering the election already settled, were either triumphant or disconsolate in expression, as their sympathies leaned. The two candidates were outwardly calm as the ballots were collected, though they both felt an intense interest which they concealed under the cover of indifference. Laura Merrill sat at the head of the girls, and their nineteen votes were cast sloidly for Staver.

"Keg" crossed over to Steve, and asked, "How does it look?"

"There's one more barb here than there are Greeks," replied Steve, "and one is enough."

"Yes, one is enough, if we get that one."

"Can you doubt it?" asked Steve.

The counting of the votes began. The count was so even that neither candidate was ahead more than three or four votes at any time.

"Now for the end," whispered Leslie, "and then hurrah."

Ninety-six votes had been called by the teller, and the count stood:

"Staver, forty-eight; Dollivan, forty-eight."

The teller called out the next vote as it came from the hat, "Staver, forty-nine."

The next was, "Dollivan, forty-nine."

One more vote to be counted! As the teller took the little piece of paper from the hat, and looked at it, everybody leaned forward with strained attention to catch the name. The teller looked up, hesitated tantalizingly a moment, and then called, "Staver, fifty."

Some barb had deserted to the enemy.

A roar of applause came from the victorious party, while the downcast barbs silently passed out of the chapel.

"The end is not yet," muttered Steve to himself.

CHAPTER V.

THE CANE RUSH.

For nearly an hour an unbroken procession has thronged the approaches of the campus. With one accord the entire population is bent on seeing the cane rush. The splendid area of ground, bounded on the north, east, and south by the college buildings and on the west by the old fence, is surrounded by an immense concourse. The ropes, which stretch along the sides of the field, hold back a laughing, pushing crowd that fills the air with hilarious jibes, while it awaits the great annual event. Without this circle, but within the space between it and the fence, is a second audience, in every variety of vehicle, from the most fashionable carriage to the grimy coal cart.

It is evident that town and gown are a unison in their desire to witness the contest between the two classes. Here and there are little groups, mingling the colors of their favorite factions with the rich hue

of the royal purple. The traditional antipathy of a class to the one above or below it in rank is clearly manifest. Every Junior wears the gaudy colors of the Freshmen, while the Seniors lend equal sympathy to the Sophomores. Clustering under the wall of Memorial Hall are the girls of the Sophomore class, radiant with flags and ribbons, cheering for the boys who are to go forth to battle for them. Far to the south, and just outside of the line of contest, are the Freshman maids. They wave a great purple banner on which is inscribed, "To the heroes of Ninety-blank," while they blow shrill blasts from be-ribboned horns. Suddenly the Sophomore girls burst into a loud cheer. They have spied their champions as the contestants, arrayed for the struggle, come into view around the northern corner of Heck Hall, from the gymnasium, where they have been preparing for the rush. In a few minutes these are followed by the Freshmen, who are as warmly greeted by their partisans.

The Sophomores gather at the northern end of the field and await the signal for the beginning of the struggle. The Freshmen, at the other end of the field, surround their leaders for a last few words of counsel.

Leslie Owen holds the prized cane. There is a glint in his eye that speaks volumes for his determination.

Steve whispers the last words of direction to his lieutenants. "Remember, boys, the struggle only lasts a half hour. If they don't succeed in breaking the cane in that time we will be victors." Then he asks of the Freshmen gathered around him, "Is every fellow sure of his man?"

No one is in doubt as to whom he has been selected to tackle, and Steve directs that they form their line of defense. Hale, Rich, Merrill, and Mayburn are placed about Leslie as guards of the cane. These five are made the center of a square that closes around them like a solid wall.

"One minute more," shouts Bob Staver, who is acting as master of ceremonies for the classes.

"Everyone, his man, and all stand firm," whispers Steve.

The Sophomores advance half way across the field, and form in the shape of a pyramid, the point stretching out toward the Freshmen. "Keg" Dollivan is the cap piece. He speaks with low and tense determination to his companions, "Boys, we must strike them like a thousand of bricks and push straight through that bunch to the cane. Once my fingers close on it, it is all day with them. Are you ready?"

"Ready," they chorus back.

In the next thirty minutes the Sophomores must break the cane held by their opponents or the Freshmen will have the right to carry their class sticks throughout the coming year.

Every eye in the great crowd is on Staver, as his arm goes toward the sky. The sharp report of the revolver sounds, and the fight is on.

The Freshmen close together and await the oncoming shock. The Sophomores

come swinging over the field with splendid precision. With marvelous skill they keep shoulder to shoulder in close formation. They start with a trot, but, as they come nearer, the ground slides beneath them with greater and greater rapidity. The shouts which greeted their start dies away. The vast concourse watches with strained eyes the coming collision. It is a magnificent spectacle. The Freshmen await the onslaught without a quiver. They do not have to wait long. When the wedge of flesh and bone is almost upon them, it suddenly leaps forward, and strikes the center of their massed front with such force that the sound is like the growl of a thunder cloud. For the briefest part of a second the Freshman square stands, but the attack is too strong. The square sways, then gives way, and, straight toward its center, goes the Sophomore pyramid with "Keg" in the lead. The powerful Sophomore is like a cannon ball. With the rushing, roaring, cheering crowd back of him, he is aiming straight for the

stick. But the "Sophs" are not to have everything their own way. The Freshmen recover from the shock, and "Keg's" supporters begin to melt away, as each Freshman picks out his antagonist, and leaps upon him with a wild ferocity. In a moment, the two crowds are dissolved into a mass of struggling arms and legs. "Keg," backed by a few, is still struggling toward the cane, which Leslie is holding close to his body with one hand, while he pushes away the enemy with the other. His body guard still surrounds him, but they have their hands full pushing back the swaying combatants that threaten to sweep them from their feet. "Keg" pushes on. Leslie sees him coming, and tries to back out from the crowd, but finds it is impossible. He looks for Steve, and sees him struggling with Jack Franklin.

"Steve," he shouts, "Steve, this way, quick."

Steve turns, and sees "Keg" almost upon the cane. He leaps toward the big

fellow. As he does so Franklin and Lee Clay throw themselves upon his back. They might be feathers for all the effect they have upon the onward sweep of Steve. He sees that "Keg" is about to snatch the victory for his class, and he seems possessed with the strength of a giant. He leaps at "Keg" with the two Sophomores clinging to his shoulders, and, throwing his arms about him, pulls the Sophomore President to the ground. Rich and Mayburn grasp Franklin and Clay, and pull them off of Steve. Writhing in each other's arms, Steve and "Keg" stagger to their feet. Giant "Keg" catches the Freshman by the arms, drags him forward, and then pushes him back. It is evident that the greater strength is in the sinewy muscles of the Sophomore, but plucky Steve cannot be shaken off. Back and forth they strain. There is no such struggle anywhere else on the grounds. Each Freshman has well chosen his man, and, scattered all over the fields, they sit perched

upon the prostrate forms of upper classmen. The advantage of numbers, in a slight degree, is with the Freshmen, and, where it is difficult for one of them to hold down a struggling captive, the Sophomore is honored by the attention of two Freshmen. Leslie and the other guardians of the cane have selected as safe a position as the place affords, and, with ardor protect the important stick. Steve is locked in the grasp of his opponent, their arms and legs intertwined. Both are exerting all the force of muscles and the skill of wrestling, though they appear to stand almost motionless, so perfectly does effort meet effort. Suddenly "Keg" passes his leg under that of his opponent, but Steve is not to be caught thus, and, seizing his antagonist around the waist, he saves himself a fall, giving "Keg" such a grapple that the huge fellow is put on the defensive.

There comes from the Sophomore girls a quick cheer and a chanting of the class

yell. They send this message of encouragement to their partisans with zeal.

"Keg" seems to renew his strength. He lifts Steve high in the air, and strives to hurl him to the ground. Steve, with splendid agility, lands on his feet, and, seizing "Keg" by the throat, twists his neck beneath his arm, shakes him until his clinched teeth can no longer keep back a groan. Again the Sophomore girls give voice to their enthusiasm, while the Freshman maids answer back with like cheers.

"Look out for him," suddenly sounds the cry. Jimmie Wing has broken away from the Freshman, who has been holding him, and, speeds to the place, where Steve and "Keg" are struggling. Steve, whose back is turned, does not see him, until he is suddenly jerked away from "Keg" by the long arms of Jimmie, wrapped about him from behind. Panic spreads through the Freshman ranks, as they see "Keg" plunging across the field to where Leslie has moved with the cane. In a moment, a

half dozen of "Keg's" partisans have thrown off their opponents, and are at his heels, intent on lending him their aid in his desperate fight for the glory of their class. Leslie sees them coming, and knows that the supreme crisis has come. He waits until they are within a few yards of him, and then makes a quick dash to the side. There is no fleeter foot at old Northwestern than that of bonnie Leslie, and he flees toward the other end of the field with the speed of a deer. It is a a pretty spurt and answers for the moment, but the hearts of the Freshmen sink with the fear of his being caught in a corner.

The Freshmen draw freer breaths again, when Leslie eludes his pursuers at the far end of the field, and starts toward his classmates, who are rushing to meet him. In the turn he has lost much of his lead, but, now that the turn is made, his fleet foot stands him in good stead, and he bounds forward to safety, pulling away inch by inch from the angry Sophomores.

Yet, it seems as if fortune has at last turned her face away from him, for his foot strikes an unseen obstruction. He stumbles, and falls, rolling over and over, with the enemy close upon him. As he rolls he sees Steve, who has thrown Jimmie high in the air, rushing to him. With rare generalship he tosses the cane to Steve, just as the gloating "Sophs" fall upon him. Steve catches the cane in the air, and the chase begins anew. As the new cane bearer rushes across the field, the crowd that follows him is composed of members of both classes. The Freshmen, seizing the Sophomores, hinder them in their chase by tackling and tripping. "Keg" and a few of the stronger push over any who tries to impede them, and, with a quickness that more than equals Steve's, bear down upon him. When he reaches the far limit, the enemy's feelings rise exultant, for they believe that at last he is caught. He faces the oncoming foes that hedge him about with tears starting in his

eyes, for it is a sore deed to him to have the cane broken while in his possession. Broken it will be, and there appears to be no help for it. But he and all the others in the excitement have forgotten one factor. It is that the contest must have an end. Old Father Time sides with the Freshman class this day, for, while the intent Sophomores are closing in on Steve, the sharp report of the time-keeper's revolver tells the great crowd that the contest is ended. The Freshmen have won the rush.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAZING OF GENE JENNINGS.

Gene Jennings crept into bed that night with a joyful heart. Newt Mayburn, his chum, had gone to bunk with one of the other fellows, but the flaming red top of Gene was not the only head that stuck out from beneath the comforters. A stray moon-beam, that had wandered into the room, cast its glow upon the pillow, where the head of the sturdy Newt usually rested. It was not a curly head that gleamed in the soft light. The reflection was of a silvery sparkle, for the head was that of—a cane. Gene was a unique genius, and he celebrated his victories in an original way. He had swung his cane high in the air that evening as he strode along Davis Street, and, when passing a group of the defeated and downcast Sophomores, had branished the stick vigorously. On meeting "Keg" Dollivan, he had actually dared to prod that worthy in the ribs with the em-

blem of the Freshman victory. Only a hasty dodge had saved him from a tremendous kick that the big fellow aimed at him. The kick was such an energetic one that, "Keg," missing his mark, lost his balance and fell prone in the street. Gene hurried on, and escaped the crowd of Sophomores, who were on the opposite walk, as they hastened to the aid of their fallen chief.

That night, in his room, Gene indulged in the Freshman yell and a series of startling whoops, until the Senior "push," that roomed in the building, threatened to send for Pat Faze, the policeman on that beat, and prefer charges of disorderly conduct.

Before retiring, he picked up his new cane, and fondly addressed it, "Oh, friend and companion to be of my Freshman year, I greet thee. Thou art the symbol of a glorious conquest. Thou art the rival of any or all college honors, that have been, or are to come. Even the key of Phi Beta Kappa compares not in glory with thee. This night thou shalt share yon downy

couch, and rest thy solid silver head beside my solid wooden one."

Gene had not been asleep long, when a loud rap sounded on his door. He sat upright in bed, rubbing his eyes, and demanded, "Who's there?"

"Only I," came the answer.

"Only I," echoed the sleepy boy, "who's only I?"

"Camp Bell," replied the voice.

Camp Bell was a little Sophomore, who had been good to Gene a few weeks before, when they had both taken the preliminary "ex" in English, and Gene had liked him ever since. He started to let his friend in. As he did so, he remembered that Bell was a Sophomore, so before turning the key in the lock, he took his precious cane from the bed, and, reaching out of the window, hung it on an electric wire attachment just below. He did not intend that Bell should have a chance to steal the cane during his visit. He then unlocked the door and, as it it swung open, there entered the base de-

ceiver who had said "only I," and with him seven others, of whom "Keg" Dollivan was by no means the least. In Indian file they came, the first two followed by Tom Rennick, Jimmie Wing, Lee Clay, Charlie Hastings, Marvel Town, and Jack Franklin. They were all Sophomores, and Gene knew that they meant mischief.

"Keg" Dollivan acted as spokesman, and said, "My gay, young Freshie, we are hungering for your company, come along with us."

Gene made a very low bow, and replied, "Your appreciation is gratifying to my pride, but I must beg to be excused."

"Keg" grabbed him by the shoulders and yanked him half way across the room. "See here," he roared, "you're a deuced sight more polite than you were an hour ago, but we are going to make you wish you had displayed your good manners a trifle earlier."

"To the lake. To the lake," chorused his companions.

Gene saw that he must go, and to save himself as much as possible, began to dress.

"None of that," commanded Tom Rennick, "you come just as you are."

Gene protested that he ought to be allowed to get his clothes on, but Rennick would have had it his own way, if Camp Bell hadn't interceded for the victim, declaring that it was such a chilly night they ought to let Gene dress. Bell was the son of a physician, and expected to be one himself some day. It was a hobby of his to give amateur medical advice. Gene had often laughed at the prescriptions he generously distributed to his ailing friends, but tonight he was very grateful for Bell's intercession. The rest of the crowd had assented in such a half-hearted way to the advice of the coming Æsculapian that Gene feared that they might repent, and so hurried on his clothes with all speed.

When he had completed his toilet Rennick declared that it was a shame he had been allowed to dress. "We could have

put him on the east steps of Woman's Hall," he said, "and the 'co-eds' would have thought he was a ghost."

Gene was no sooner dressed than the crowd approached in order to seize him. He leaped back to his bed, and stood upon it, with his back to the wall. With splendid loyalty, he defiantly yelled, "Rah, rah for ninety-blank." The Sophomores, enraged by his boldnesss, leaped at him. Gene let his fists fly, and kicked with one foot or the other all of the time. No more than two of the enemy could get at him, and he fought so lustily that it seemed impossible to down him. He knocked Rennick backward from the bed with one fist, and planted the other on Jimmie Wing's nose so effectively that a crimson flood gushed forth, as from a fountain. One of his well directed kicks took Town in the shin, and that worthy bellowed like a circus calliope. But the fight was too unequal for Gene to hold out long, and, when one of "Keg's" long arms reached out and he was firmly

grasped by his woolly red hair, he knew all was lost, save honor. Even then he did not surrender, but launched forth at "Keg" with both knees, and, striking him just below the belt, made the big fellow gasp.

What would have happened then, if the bed had not fallen down, can only be surmised. The bed did fall, and the entire crowd went down in a heap, with the doughty Gene beneath. Gene ceased to struggle. That there were eight husky fellows sitting on him seemed a good reason why he did not. When they regained their breath, they picked him up, and, throwing him on their shoulders, marched from the room.

"We'll teach you to fight," said Bell. "I wish I hadn't interfered, when they wanted to take you out in your night shirt."

Gene made no reply. He was busy thinking. The wheels in his red head were revolving with marvelous rapidity, as he tried to conceive some plan to win out in the contest.

"It's brains against numbers," he thought. "I must turn the tables and the laugh on them."

It was evident that the crowd intended to take him some distance from his room and to leave him to make his way back, as best he could.

"If I can make them carry me back, instead of having to walk back myself, the joke would be a regular boomerang," he thought.

"By George, he's heavy," muttered Franklin, as they staggered down the stairway with him.

They left the building, and started northward with their prey. He rested on their shoulders like a log, as heavy and as quiet. The burden bearers hurried nervously along for fear of meeting some "copper," or, even worse, a member of the faculty.

" 'Not a drum was beat. Not a sound was heard,' " whispered Clay.

"Yes, and 'Few and short were the prayers they said,' " added Hastings.

"This isn't Sir John Moore," laughed Town. "It's just a verdant Freshie, who is being taught his place."

"Shut up, you fellows," growled "Keg." "Next thing we know, you'll be whooping and screeching, and we'll have the whole Freshman class at our heels."

Silence fell on the group, and they continued on their way for several blocks without a word being uttered.

Camp Bell broke the silence by whispering, "What's the matter with him, boys? He hasn't made a motion, nor uttered a syllable since we left the building. I hope he hasn't fainted."

"Fainted, your grandma," replied Rennick. "He's trying to play 'possum with us."

"We'll see," said "Keg," and he punched the inanimate form in the ribs.

No cry of pain sounded on the night air, and Bell cried, "Great Scott! I believe he has fainted from fright. Put him down."

"You frightened ninny," said Rennick, "can't you see he's working us?"

"Perhaps he is; and perhaps he isn't," said "Keg," "I'm in favor of finding out, so down with him."

The form of the Freshman was deposited on a patch of grass growing by the walk. Even the doubting Rennick began to feel disturbed, and moved about in an undecided manner "Keg" lifted a finger, and beckoned his companions to one side.

"See here," he whispered, "We don't know whether he has fainted, or is just trying to work a 'con game' on us. we'll pretend we are going home, and leave him here. Then we'll go down to the corner, and watch him from there."

General approval was given to this suggestion, and the crowd scattered with loud "Good nights."

Rennick stopped at the side of the still Jennings, and said, "Young Reddie, I think you will respect your superiors in the future. I hope you will enjoy your grassy bed to-night. Pleasant dreams, Freshie."

Not a sound came from the form by the walk. Rennick started to bestow a kick upon it, but he was stopped by the thought that perhaps, after all, this might be a real, and not a sham unconsciousness. He strode away to meet his compatriots at the next corner, beginning to be possessed with that same spirit of uneasiness which had already drawn their nerves to a tension.

As he left, the eyelids of the prostrate Gene slid backward, and the eyes that looked skyward were gleaming with a fire almost as bright as that of the stars they saw, but the red head stirred not, and no sound escaped his lips.

"I've got those 'Sophs' a-coming," he thought, and a satisfied grin spread over his face.

The moments lengthened, and still the hazers came not. This did not disturb the imperturbable Gene. He knew that they were somewhere in the neighborhood and that he had only to remain quiet long

enough, to have their fears bring them back.

He looked up at the lanterns of the sky, and pleasantly pondered: "I may be a verdant Freshie, but I'm going to make that crowd the sickest lot of 'Sophs' that ever tackled a Freshman."

He heard a sound of hurrying feet, and closed his eyes as the hazers reached him.

"I'm going to tickle him," declared Rennick, "and I bet I'll bring him around."

Gene heard Rennick's threat with despair in his soul. His risibilities were easily excited, and he feared it would be impossible for him to repress a scream of laughter, if the menace should be carried out. Then he remembered how much depended upon keeping still. It meant the humiliation of the Sophomore class, and he would crown himself with the laurels that the inveterate foes of his class expected to wear.

"I'll stand it," he thought, "or leave Northwestern." And he did stand it. In

truth, Rennick was as timorous as any one in the crowd by this time, and he failed to put his accustomed vigor into the action. Moreover, Camp Bell interfered. "We'd better go slow," he said. "Let me see what I can do."

The crowd began to feel relieved that one of their number had some knowledge of medicine, and they gave way to Bell. He hastily opened the collar of Gene's shirt, and thrust a hand over his heart.

It may have been that Gene succeeded in repressing the usual signs of healthful activity, or Bell's fears may have stirred his imagination, and brought forth the worried exclamation, "I declare, boys, there is something the matter with him."

The effect on the others was startling. The crowd, to the last man, was shaken. Franklin threw himself beside Gene, and, taking him in his arms, cried, "Wake up, Gene. Dear old Gene, do wake up!"

"Get him back to his room, quick," said Dollivan, assuming command.

The prostrate Gene was swiftly and tenderly raised to their shoulders, and the terror stricken group hurried back to their starting place. George Kellen, a Senior, met them as they entered the building.

"What's the matter?" he queried.

Bell fell upon his knees, and, clasping his hands, cried out, "For God's sake, George, help us! Gene is dead!"

This extravagant utterance did not tend to allay the excitement, and the others increased their speed to Gene's room.

The bed that had been so rudely used was quickly put together, and the form of the foxy Freshman placed upon it. Dollivan brought water, while Bell and Rennick chaffed the hands of their patient.

"Send for a doctor," directed Bell.

As he spoke, Frank Forester, the landlord of the building, rushed into the room. He had heard of the trouble, and, as Gene was a favorite of his, he was full of wrath.

"You scamps," he roared. "What have

you done to this boy? I'm going to send for the police."

Gene began to feel that his cup of vengeance was full. He knew that, if either a doctor or the police were summoned, it would mean serious trouble with the faculty for the crowd, and he thought that they had been punished enough. He decided to revive. He slowly opened his eyes, and weakly gasped, "water."

A tremor of relief went through the crowd. Tears of joy stood in Franklin's eyes, for he had begun to conjure up all sorts of calamities. Bell gently raised a glass of water to Gene's lips, while that worthy sipped a few drops, and then fell back on the bed, as if exhausted.

"What more can we do for you?" anxiously asked Bell.

"Leave me to rest," muttered Gene.

"Yes, out with you all," roared the indignant landlord. "You'll all hear from this, I'll warrant."

Mournfully, the crest-fallen crowd tip-

toed from the room. The hazers carefully closed the door, and silently passed from the building to their rooms, where they wrestled with sad misgivings.

The door was scarcely shut, when Gene sat upright. Then he rolled over and began to laugh. The astonished Forester looked at him in alarm. As he watched the red head bob up and down, it dawned upon him what it all meant. He joined in the laughter, and such a duet of merriment followed, that, if the outwitted Sophomores had heard it, they would have been relieved, if not cheered.

CHAPTER VII.

LESLIE GETS A BID.

Leslie Owen leaned back in his chair, and perched his feet on his study table. Ever since Steve had left for his recitations early in the afternoon, Leslie had been digging out Greek roots. With a sigh of satisfaction, he closed his book, and settled down for what he called a good "thunk." Leslie's meditations were of a pleasant nature. There had been a meeting of the Freshman class at noon, when Harney Hale had resigned the Presidency. Leslie had been offered the place, but refused it, and Gene Jennings had received the honor. Leslie cared very little for offices, but it warmed his heart to know that he stood well in the estimation of his classmates. A knock at the door interrupted his reverie, and, in answer to his invitation to come in, Harney Hale and George Kellen entered. Leslie gave them a cordial greeting. He and Harney had been intimates in their

"prep" days. With the Senior, Kellen, his acquaintance was slight. He was surprised at their coming, for they were both members of Alpha Phi Epsilon, and had "rushed" him hard for their chapter at the opening of college. After his refusal of their "bid," they had avoided him, and he supposed they had dropped him. It was evident they were going to renew the invitation, for Leslie's welcome was responded to with many warm pressures of the hand and hearty words of salutation.

"Old man," said Harney, putting his arm around Leslie and giving him a hug. "It's a long time since I had a pow-wow with you. How are you, anyway?"

"Fine," answered Leslie. "Why don't you ever come around?"

"My work on the crew takes about all the spare time I have," said Harney. "But George and I were passing, and we thought we would drop in."

"Glad you dropped."

"Were you at chapel yesterday?" asked Hale.

"No, I skipped."

"Jack Williams got off a good one. You know it was Bobby's day to conduct prayers. Jack's seat is just in front of mine, and when Bobby, carried away by the earnestness of his petition, prayed, 'O Lord, we are here because we can't help ourselves,' Jack broke in with, 'That's no dream!'"

The trio laughed amusedly at Jack's wit, and Kellen spoke: "We make a great kick about chapel, and yet I believe we all favor it. Now that I am almost through college, I can see that the daily gathering of the students has given us an *esprit de corps* we never would have had otherwise."

"I think you're orthodox there," said Leslie. "I know that it has been inspiring to me in my college life to attend the chapel services."

"Yes," joked Harney, "the college choir would inspire anybody."

"Don't abuse the choir," said George, "I used to sing in it in my Freshman year."

"That's where you lost your voice," said Harney.

"Something the present members of the choir never can do," volunteered Leslie.

"Leslie," said Harney, taking a stand before his friend and placing his hands on his shoulders, "I suppose you know what we've come for, and we won't beat around the bush any longer. Old boy, I want you to be an Alpha Phi Epsilon."

"Why, Harney, I thought I gave you an answer to that."

"Our boys are not willing to take your answer," said Harney. "We all like you, and know you are naturally a frat man. What reason have you for not joining?"

Before Leslie could answer, Kellen interrupted with, "You know well enough Owen that Alpha Phi Epsilon doesn't have to ask many men twice. It's only because so many of our boys are your old friends that we are so insistent with you."

"Boys, I thank you for your kindly feeling, and I don't want you to think that it is not appreciated. I know what it means to be so well thought of by a crowd of fellows like your boys, but I can't pledge."

Harney gripped his shoulders tighter and giving him a shake, said, "Leslie, you've been here long enough to know the difference between the college life of a frat man and a barb. I'm sure you must know that, of the two, the man with the fraternity associations has the pleasantest college life and the most heartfelt reminiscences in the coming years. I am sure that you like our fellows. You've even said that, if you ever did join a frat, it would be Alpha Phi Epsilon. Tell me your reason for refusing?"

"I'll say this," replied Leslie, "if you will get Steve to accept the 'bid' he received from Alpha Phi Epsilon, I'll pledge."

"See here, Leslie," said Harney, "you know what friends Steve and I have been. He said some hard things to me the other night, because I had joined a frat, but in spite of that, I should be glad to have him in the chapter."

"I don't see how you can blame Steve for being angry," said Leslie. "You know

how hard he worked to get you elected Freshman 'prex' on a barb ticket, and when you turned directly about and joined a frat, he had reason to be hurt."

If I made a mistake there, I've corrected it," Harney replied. "My resignation should atone for any wrong I did. I was proud to be president of my class, but I am still prouder that I have donned the pin of Alpha Phi Epsilon."

"And so you will be," broke in Kellen, "if you will pledge. Here are the colors. I'll pin them on you."

"You may pin them on me the day they go on Steve," reiterated Leslie.

"Then I fear you will never wear them," said Harney. "The boys tell me that Steve's refusal last time was so emphatic that there is no use trying him again. I must say it is a pity that two of the best fellows in college are going to flock with a lot of wild and woolly barbs."

"Oh, the barbs are not so bad," said

Leslie, with a smile, and, sauntering over to the window, he looked out. "Here are two of them, now," he added, as he saw Steve coming up the board walk in front of the house with Jack Williams.

When the others saw the new comers, they bade Leslie good-bye with many expressions of regret, and left the room, passing Steve and Jack on the stairs.

"Well, you've met the enemy again," said Steve, an inquiring look on his face, as he and Jack entered the room.

"Yes," responded Leslie, "I've met the enemy, and the enemy is mine."

"Good for you," said both of his friends.

"Say, we've got a big scheme afoot," continued Jack.

"One that will make the Greeks turn gray with worry," supplemented Steve.

"The barbs are going to organize."

"Let the Greeks beware," chimed in Jack, "we've raised the rattlesnake flag. It was the Barbarians that sacked Athens."

"We are going to meet to-night," said

Steve, "and we are going to organize, publish a college paper of our own, and make trouble generally."

"What's stirred up all this excitement?" queried Leslie.

Steve took a copy of the *Northwestern* from his pocket. "This editorial of Staver's in to-day's *Northwestern*," he said. "Listen to what he says about two-thirds of his college mates: 'The students back of the recent attacks on fraternities at this institution are for the most part an aggregation of soreheads, destitute of true college spirit and lacking in most of the essentials of the high type of present day collegians.'"

"Whew," cried Leslie, "What a roast!"

"That isn't all," said Steve. "Hear what the fraternity correspondent of one of the Chicago morning papers says about Northwestern barbs: 'Now the barbs are a wild and woolly set of hayseeds. They live six in a room, feed on crackers and liver pills, and make one paper collar do them a whole term."

"And the rust is on them nine inches deep," added Jack.

"At last," said Leslie, "we see ourselves as fraternity men see us."

"And what a sight for men and angels," chuckled Jack.

"Wonder they didn't work in the chestnut about an annual bath?" laughed Steve.

"That would be giving us too much credit," returned Jack.

"We'll issue a declaration of independence at the barb meeting, to-night," cried Steve, "and before we get through the frats will get a run for their money."

"Bravo!" applauded Jack, rising to go. "I'll be with you, and, until then, fare-you-well and, if forever, fare-you-well."

"Ay, fare-you-well," chorused the two room-mates in tones of mock heroism, as Jack left the room, a thing he did not do, before he slyly took a cartridge from his pocket, and dropped it on the coals of the stove, without being observed. Jack having

left, both of the boys picked up text-books, and began to study.

Suddenly, there came a flash and a sharp report. A cloud of ashes burst from the stove into the room, while the stove pipe gave a convulsive twist, and fell to the floor. Steve and Leslie dropped their books, and fled precipitately from the room. Mrs. Lockley and a half-dozen student roomers came rushing toward them. Together, they ventured back into the room, and gazed on the effects of the disaster.

"Confound that Jack," muttered Steve, "we'll skin him."

"Amen," emphasized Leslie.

They studied no more that afternoon, but, with brush and broom, swept and cleaned, mingling their exertions with declarations of vengeance against the merry mischief maker from Heck Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MASSASOITS.

Staver's editorial speedily bore fruit. No effort of the barbs would have resulted in kindling the resentment against the fraternities at Northwestern, as his words had succeeded in doing. Kellen and other prominent Greeks in college had known Staver's intention to print what he called a "scorcher," and had warned him that it would probably add fuel to the barbs' fire. These remonstrances did no good. Staver, who could not forgive the barbs for so nearly defeating him for the editorship, was determined to vent his wrath in print. Nearly every student in college had read the editorial before evening. It resulted in almost all of the barbs attending the meeting, called by the anti-fraternity men. The little hall on Davis Street was crowded, when "Keg" Dollivan called the meeting to order, and stated its object. Most of the work had been planned beforehand. A

committee was ready to report with a constitution that was adopted with great enthusiasm. Before the meeting was over, "The Massasoits," an organization pledged to fight the fraternities for college honors and supremacy, was born. The offices were divided between the four classes. Quiet John Harburton, of the Senior class, was elected President. The Vice-Presidency went to Rodney Hammell, of the Juniors. Jack Williams, as a Freshman in good standing, was awarded the post of secretary, while Sophomore Jimmie Wing became the watch-dog of the treasury.

Harburton was called upon for a speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we must not forget one important matter. We propose to publish a paper of our own. The *Northwestern* has gone over to the enemy, bag and baggage. Dollivan has already arranged with a printer, and has got enough advertisements to start. We are going to call the sheet, *The Northwestern World.* Whom will you have for editor?"

"I nominate Steve Harding," called Hammell.

"Second the nomination," vociferated half a dozen voices.

"Are there any other nominations?" asked the chair.

None was forthcoming, and the motion, made by Jack Williams that the nominee be elected by acclamation, was carried.

"Soda," yelled one of the thirsty mortals.

"Soda," echoed the rest of the parched ones.

"Quiet down, you war horses, bold in the cause of reform," cried Harburton. "Dollivan has an announcement to make-"

"Dollivan," shrieked the noisy ones, who cared more for making a racket than what they shouted about.

The big Sophomore grinned blandly at his friends, as he said, "If you howling maniacs will be cool, calm, and collected for a brief space of time, I'll tell you something interesting. Harburton has told you

that I have been getting 'ads' for the new paper. Tedlon, the dry-goods man, does as much advertising as any merchant on Davis street. I called on him to-day, and he declared that he would be able to advertise in only one of the two papers. I made a tremendous stagger to get his business, but the old man was foxy, and declared that he wanted to find out which paper would do him the most good. In the next issue of both papers, he will advertise a special sale for Saturday. In the *Northwestern* he will advertise underwear, and in the *World,* kid gloves. The advertisement bringing in the greatest returns will win for its paper his advertising for the year. The sale will begin at eight o'clock in the morning, and will close at five in the afternoon. Now, fellows, here is a chance to let your patriotism wax warm.

"The fraternities know of the offer, and they intend to land that advertising contract for their sheet. Every mother's son and daughter of them are going to stock

up with enough underwear to last them the rest of their natural lives. This will be the first clash, and we must draw first blood. Everyone of us ought to buy enough gloves to cover the fingers of an octopus. Each fellow must make himself a committee of one, and get all of his friends to buy their season's supply of gloves next Saturday, and above all buy them at Tedlon's. These fraternity people must learn that we mean business. 'It's war to the knife, the knife to the hilt; the hilt to the heart.'"

"Keg's" speech aroused the enthusiasm of the crowd. The contest, arranged by the shrewd merchant, furnished the rival factions a tangible basis upon which to begin the struggle for supremacy.

When the meeting adjourned, the crowd poured down the stairway with many suggestions of methods and prophecies of victory.

Steve and Leslie walked home together, arm in arm. There was a rare comradeship

between the two, stronger even than the usual staunch ties of college chums. Steve's strong personality had made a deep impress upon the sympathetic nature of Leslie, which bound the younger to his friend with cords of steel-like loyalty and affection.

Steve knew the true blue friendship that Leslie had for him and he reciprocated with a deep affection.

This evening, as the arm-locked confidants walked homeward, both enjoyed the communion of congenial spirits, their hearts in perfect sympathy.

"What an inspiration you are to those fellows," said Leslie to his companion. "I believe you are the backbone of this whole uprising,"

"I haven't any change," laughed Steve.

"That's, all right, I'm just speaking the gospel truth. Why, every frat man in college believes that you are responsible for all this opposition."

"What a host of warm enemies I must have."

"Of course they don't like it, but, at the same time, they recognize your qualities of leadership, and envy the cause its leader. I overheard Rennick, in the hall the other day, telling one of the Delta Phis that 'Harding would have made a peach of a frat man.' "

"I wonder what Tom wants to swing the barb vote for now," said Steve, laughing again.

"Modesty, thy name is Harding."

"Flattery, thy name is Owen," retorted Steve. "Leslie," he continued, throwing his arm about his chum's shoulder, "Tom was mistaken. You are a regular 'peacherina.' I'd rather have one chum like you than all the frat friends you could pile up. You are a dependable fellow and staunch—yes, as staunch as a rock."

"Steve," said Leslie, "you and Harry Hale used to be such close friends that it's a pity you are now at outs."

"Whose fault is it?"

"Circumstances, perhaps," replied Les-

lie. "It is foolish to let this barb war make a breach between you. Harney, certainly, feels kindly toward us, and so do all the Alpha Phi Epsilons."

Steve seized Leslie's shoulder and pressed it tightly.

"See here, my boy," he demanded, "are you trying to rush me for an Alpha Phi Epsilon?"

"Oh, Steve," said Leslie, and the hurt of it was in his voice.

"Forgive me, old man," cried Steve, grasping his friend's hand. "I ought not to speak so to you; and, yet, I have always had the feeling that at heart you are a Greek."

"Steve Harding," demanded his chum, "I want you to show me the man who has worked harder for this Massasoit movement than I."

"I can't do it, but I'll tell you why you have. It has been on account of your loyalty and friendship to me. Do you deny that I have been the sole obstacle between you and the jeweled pin of that frat?"

Leslie made no reply to his chum's assertion.

"Leslie," continued Steve, "It makes me bitter to think that I am standing between you and the coveted friendship of Alpha Phi Epsilon. I have started in to fight the frats, and I am going to keep on, but I want you to accept their 'bid.' I must not be selfish."

"I'll tell you what I said to their rushing committee the other day," said Leslie. "It was that when you were initiated into their chapter, then they could have me, and not before. I intend to stand by that."

"My Jonathan," said Steve, clasping the fingers of his friend's hand tightly, as together they reached the door of their boarding house.

CHAPTER IX.

ALPHA SIGMA SIGMA.

"Bamonstoni has accepted the bid of Alpha Sigma Sigma," cried Harney Hale, as he burst into the room of Tom Rennick, where a crowd of fraternity men were gathered.

His announcement was received with a roar of merriment by those present.

"When did you hear?" demanded Marvel Town, who was a brother Delta Phi of Tom.

"Just now I found the letter hidden beneath a bunch of leaves at the big stone."

"What does he say?" asked Town.

"Read it," seconded Tom.

"All right," said Harney and, producing a letter, he read:

"To the Unknown Brothers of the Alpha Sigma Sigma:—I have been much honored by your message to me commanding me to prepare for initiation into Alpha Sigma Sigma. The members of your fraternity are unknown to me. In fact, I did not know that there was such a chapter at

Northwestern. I shall surely abide by your rule, and solemnly promise to keep the existence of the order secret. I will be at the place named, tonight, ready to be initiated. Hoping to prove myself a true Alpha Sigma Sigma, I am,

Most Respectfully,

TONI BAMONSTONI."

"Bravo Bamonstoni," yelled Rennick.

"Bravo," echoed the crowd.

It is necessary here to introduce our readers to this Toni Bamonstoni, whose acceptance of the bid of the hitherto unknown frat of Alpha Sigma Sigma caused so much hilarity among the collegians. He was a Persian who, by some chance, had found his way to Northwestern's gates at the beginning of the term and had entered "prep." He had no money, but this lack was well filled by an amazing amount of assurance. His clothes were of the most resplendent kind, and, from the plug on his head to the patent leathers on his feet, he was decidedly shiny.

Bamonstoni had not been in "prep" long before he heard of the fraternities, and he decided that membership in them was desir-

able. He had accordingly sent applications to them, and had been much discouraged at receiving no answer to his petitions.

One day, when some frat men had been laughing about Bamonstoni, one of them said, "That dago has been rushing the frats so hard it's a pity he cannot be accommodated and given a first-class initiation."

The crowd was caught by the idea at once, and plans were immediately set afoot for the humiliation of the persistent "prep." Nearly half the frat men in college were taken into the scheme, which resulted in the formation of the Alpha Sigma Sigma fraternity.

"The initial letters," said Rennick, "describe our first and only candidate."

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the initiation. Harney Hale was made chairman of the committee, and he entered into the affair with glee. A hall was secured in the southern part of the city, and a letter was sent to Bamonstoni, written in red ink, asking him to accept

membership in the mysterious and awful fraternity of Alpha Sigma Sigma. He was directed to place his answer beneath the old stone at the entrance to the campus, and, if he was ready to join, to be on the road, directly west of the lighthouse, at precisely nine o'clock that night. He had received the letter in the morning, and, delighted with the promised fruition of his hopes, hastened to place his answer as directed and to prepare for the night.

Word was speedily sent out among the conspirators of Bamonstoni's acceptance, and the arrangements for the affair were completed.

It was a dark night, with the rain drizzling down in an uncomfortable manner. At nine o'clock, a silent figure was patiently waiting in the road west of the lighthouse. A carriage dashed up to where the willing victim stood, and stopped so suddenly that the horses were pulled back on their haunches.

Two figures, black masked and robed, sprang out, pointed their fingers at the

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candidate, and then at the carriage door. The obedient Bamonstoni stepped into the carriage, and was followed by the disguised students. The door was slammed shut, and the guides busied themselves blindfolding their victim, while the carriage plunged furiously forward. At the first corner it turned westward, and the party was driven toward that region known as "the prairie." For more than an hour the vehicle was driven back and forth through the quieter streets of the college town. All this time, the two men who had met Bamonstoni had not spoken a word.

To him, blindfolded and expectant, the time multiplied itself tediously. It was a relief, when, at last, the carriage came to a standstill, and a grim voice whispered in his ear, "Follow on, and falter not at your peril."

Tremblingly, he groped his way from the vehicle. He had scarcely time to draw a breath of the fresh air, when he was roughly seized on each side, hurried into

a building, and up a stairway. He heard a door, as it creakingly swung open, and the warmth of the air told him he was within the sanctuary of Alpha Sigma Sigma.

If his eyes had been uncovered, he would have seen a strange sight. High on an altar at one end of the room was the dark-robed figure of the master of ceremonies. If he could have raised the mask, he would have seen the grinning face of Tom Rennick. The members of the order, arrayed in strange and fantastic garb, were scattered about the hall. Their faces were covered with black masks. At one side of the hall, was piled the paraphernalia of initiation, and poor Bamonstoni might well have trembled if he had known what was in store for him.

At his entrance, all was still. The door swung back into place, and a guard carefully barred it. A low moaning was heard, which gathered force and wierdness, until it cumulated in a groan of thrilling intensity. Harney Hale, disguised beyond recognition,

advanced from the side of the altar, where he had been stationed, and striking the candidate with a wand he carried, cried out in sepulchral tones, "Oh, unworthy worm, a sinner by nature and much more so by practice, how is it we find thee in the holy of holies of Alpha Sigma Sigma? Down on thy craven knees, and approach the throne where thou shalt answer for thy intrusion."

He emphasized his words, with resounding thwacks of his wand on the luckless Bamonstoni, who sank on his hands and knees, and, guided by Harney, crawled toward the altar.

Harney saluted the grim figure on the throne, and striking the prostrate Bamonstoni with his wand three times on the back, cried, "Most Mighty Mogul of the Alpha Sigma Sigma, I bring before thee a miscreant, who has gained entrance to our sacred sanctuary by stealth. In duty bound, I have brought him to the footstool of the universe to answer for his crime."

"Horrible Henchman, raise the spy to his feet," commanded the Mighty Mogul.

Harney seized Bamonstoni by the nape of the neck, and jerked him to his feet.

At the same time the lights were lowered, and a human skull, on the altar, sent forth bluish flames from the mouth and nostrils. The bandages that covered the eyes of the initiate were torn off, and Bamonstoni, blinking and shivering with fright, looked around in bewilderment.

"Wretch," thundered the Mighty Mogul, "what mad mischance guided hither thy wandering footsteps."

"I wanted to join your frat," stammered the frightened Persian.

"Oh," cried the Mighty Mogul, "then thou comest as a friend, and not an enemy."

"Yes, a friend. I am indeed a friend."

"Thy wish, then, shall be granted, and let it be known to these here assembled, that before the morrow's faintest tinge of dawn, thou shalt be branded the greatest Alpha Sigma Sigma of us all."

"The greatest Alpha Sigma Sigma of us all," chorused the dark robed members.

The grandiloquent words of the Mighty Mogul sounded very pleasant to the would-be frater, and, as he felt assured that at last his face was turned toward the promised land of long-cherished hopes, his confidence began to revive.

"The road that will bring thee to undying glory leads through the bottomless pit," continued the presiding genius. "As thou enterest, remember, in all things, thou must obey. Therefore, summon thy courage, and bear like a true Alpha Sigma Sigma the burdens of the day. Men and brethren, darken the sight of the aspiring stranger."

The blindfolds were quickly replaced, aud Bamonstoni was hurried to a corner of the hall by the Horrible Henchman.

"One last favor is granted thee," said Harney, "before thou descendest into the regions of woe. Thou art permitted to quench thy thirst."

He placed a cup to the lips of Bamonstoni, who took a great swallow. It was followed by a convulsive movement of his face, for the liquid was a mixture of milk and vinegar, well salted.

"Dost wish another drink?" queried the Horrible Henchman.

"No-no-no," almost shouted Bamonstoni.

"On with the dance," commanded the Mighty Mogul.

The Horrible Henchman and the guards seized Bamonstoni, and threw him to the floor. His outer garments were speedily removed and, in spite of his protestations, they did not cease until he stood arrayed in his underwear.

"Forward," directed the Horrible Henchman.

Bamonstoni crawled ahead, feeling his way as best he could.

"Into the tunnel of Hades," cried the Horrible Henchman.

The tunnel of Hades was six barrels

with their heads knocked out, placed end to end. Poor Bamonstoni, while blindfolded, could not know this. As his head and shoulders entered the first barrel, he attempted to draw back. It was too late. Teddy Merrill and Knappy Rich joyfully prodded him with sharp-pointed sticks, and he hastened on into the tunnel with quickened celerity. As the perspiring Bamonstoni approached the opening at the other end, the barrels, through which he had first passed were transferred to that end, and the tunnel continued indefinitely around the hall. His tormenters pounded upon the barrels, and shouted with fiendish glee. Merrill and Rich did not allow the neophyte to hesitate, even for a moment, and, at any sign of weariness on his part, renewed their proddings with vigorous enthusiasm.

When, at length, the tired Bamonstoni was allowed to finish his circuit, and to emerge from the barrels, he was fully convinced that he had not only passed through the tunnel of Hades, but through Hades it-

self. He was a pitiful looking object. The barrels had formerly contained flour, and Bamonstoni looked as if he had fallen into a chalk-pit. Here and there the perspiration had streaked its way down his face and neck. He was not allowed any time to regain his breath, but was caught up under his arms by a windlass, and hoisted ceilingward, kicking and squirming as he went. A long toboggan slide had been arranged, extending from the ceiling, at one end of the hall, to the floor at the other. The hapless victim was swung onto this, and, in a trice, was sliding down faster than he had ascended into the air. He let out a wail of terror, which only drew forth a shout of laughter from his tormentors. At the bottom of the slide, he was caught in a tarpaulin, and was speedily shot into the air again. Up and down he went, until the canvas, giving away, let him through upon the floor. He landed on his feet. George Kellen seized him, and in a tragical voice whispered,

"And so, my brother, let this be a lesson to you, that no matter what the difficulties of life may be, you should always light on your feet, like a true Alpha Sigma Sigma."

Bamonstoni began to think that with this speech his trials were ended, but his dream of peace was rudely shattered by Camp Bell and Charley Hastings, who seized him and ran him across a carpet of fly paper, most of which stuck to his bare feet. Those pieces which did not, were picked up and plastered on the back of his neck.

"What, Ho," called forth the Mighty Mogul, "let the candidate receive the baptism of Alpha Sigma Sigma."

"I baptize him 'brother,'" said the Horrible Henchman, turning a dipper full of molasses over the head of Bamonstoni.

"Oh!" cried the poor fellow, as he was struck in the face with an odorous calf's liver.

"Toni Bamonstoni," again called forth the Mighty Mogul, "you will now take the

solemn oath of Alpha Sigma Sigma. Raise your right hand."

Bamonstoni raised his right hand.

"If you are willing to subscribe to each requirement, you will respond, 'I do,'" whispered the Horrible Henchman to him.

"Toni Bamonstoni," said the Mighty Mogul, with mock gravity, "do you solemnly swear that you will regularly take a bath every day for the next six months?"

"I do," replied Bamonstoni.

"Do you swear that you will pay all laundry bills, and thus uphold the honor of the frat?"

"I do."

"Do you swear that you will stop calling at Woman's Hall, until you are permitted to do so by the members of this order?"

"I do."

"Do you swear you will always be a true Alpha Sigma Sigma?"

"I do."

"Well said, most honored brother. I will now instruct you in the signal of recogni-

tion of Alpha Sigma Sigma. Place your thumb within your ears, and wave your hands, gently back and forth."

Bamonstoni did as directed, and his efforts were rewarded by a round of applause.

"Conduct our dear and beloved brother," commanded the Mighty Mogul, "to a seat near the throne."

When this order had been carried out, he continued, "My new and most precious brother, it will please and delight you to know that we number among our members some of the most noted names of the country. 'In our midst' are a number whom we honor, whose names are written on our scroll. I have a letter here from the President of the university, which I will read. He says:

"DEAR SIRS:—Please say to your new initiate, Mr. Bamonstoni, that I greatly regret my inability to be present and participate in the ceremonies of initiation. Tell him to give me the signal of recognition at our next meeting. THE PRESIDENT."

"Dr. Denny has also written us," continued the reader; "He says:

MY DEAR SIRS:—

Allow me to congratulate you on the acquisition of such a young man as Mr. Bamonstoni. I have always considered him a natural Alpha Sigma Sigma. I should be delighted to have him join us at our next Sunday dinner. Tell him not to fail to come, and to please give me the signal of recognition as a token of his brotherly feeling.

DR. DENNY."

The bosom of the protege of Alpha Sigma Sigma heaved with proud emotions. The memory of all his tribulations faded, and he exulted in the thought that he, Toni Bamonstoni, was known and honored by the first men of the university. Congratulations from the President, an invitation to dine with a member of the faculty—it was too much.

The sweetness of his dream was rudely disturbed by the efforts of his companions to get him into his clothes. They took him to the carriage blindfolded, and he was quickly driven to the campus gate, where

he was left standing, reflecting on the glory of his future career.

Shortly before the dinner hour at Dr. Denny's, the following Sunday, the shining and shiny Toni Bamonstoni, more resplendent than ever, ascended the steps of the Denny home, and rang the bell. The door was opened by the good doctor himself.

Bamonstoni placed his thumbs in his ears, and worked his hands backward and forward. The doctor looked at him a moment in amazement, and then shutting the door, rushed to his telephone and called up the police. Bamonstoni paused, and listened. The transom above the door was open, and this is what he heard:

"Send the police to Dr. Denny's, at once. There is an escaped lunatic here."

He did not wait to hear more. It was enough. When the police came, Bamonstoni was out of sight.

CHAPTER X.

A UNIQUE CONTEST.

"Joy, joy, joy!" shouted Leslie, tumbling out of bed, "this is the day we meet the enemy."

Steve awoke, and rubbing his eyes, growled, "What's hurting you now?"

"Get up, you greasy Barbarian," roared Steve, hitting him over the head with a pillow, "get your paper collar on, and come down town to get your kid gloves."

"I'll get up and punch your head, if you don't put down that pillow," was Steve's reply to the invitation.

Leslie responded by vigorously beating him until Steve leaped from the bed, and chased his tormentor about the room.

"Ha, ha," laughed Leslie, "don't you wish you could catch me?"

In the moment of his boasting, swift retribution met him. His toe caught the end of a chair. He nursed the wounded

member in his hands, and jumped about on his other foot, lifting up his voice to the sky in lamentation.

Steve, fully revenged, dressed, and descended to breakfast. It was some time before his chum joined him, and when he did, he came into the room with a limp

The sole topic at the breakfast table was the contest to take place that day between the frats and barbs for Tedlon's advertising. Excitement ran high in university circles, and both sides were as full of prophecies of victory as politicians at election time. After finishing breakfast, Steve and Leslie started for Tedlon's where the sale was to commence at eight o'clock.

It was a few minutes before the hour when they arrived there, and they found a long line of students waiting for the doors to open. At eight o'clock, Mr. Tedlon appeared, and, throwing back the doors, welcomed them in with a gesture. The struggle had begun. The first man to buy

a pair of gloves was the veteran captain of the Life-Saving Crew, who said that, being a barb himself, he would have to stand by the cause.

The fraternity men and women came in force, and, as each left with great packages of goods, the eyes of the proprietor glistened. At noon the contest seemed about even. There had been more barbs who had made purchases than Greeks, but the latter had purchased greater amounts, and Harney Hale, who was acting as one of the managers for the frats, declared that they were sure to win. Later in the afternoon, as he stood on the edge of the walk before the store, he cried, "Great Scotland, we are undone!"

The sight that brought forth this exclamation was a long line of "bibs," who were approaching. It was known that the sympathies of the Heck Hallites had been enlisted by the Barbarians, but the fraternity men had hoped that the "theologs" would simply lend their moral influence to

the foe. Now that they saw them approaching, led by Jack Williams, who had rounded them up with the skill of a veteran politician, they were seized for the first time with the fear of defeat. There were more than a hundred "bibs" in line, and, from the looks on their faces, it was evident that they meant business.

Harney stepped in front of Jack and demanded, "Say, old man, are you going to ring in the whole Methodist conference on us?"

"Just watch my smoke," said Jack, winking, as he steered the first of the crowd into the store.

"Oh Lord, Rennick," whispered Harney to his friend, "what shall we do?"

"Bless me if I know," was Tom's reply, "I'm afraid they've got us on the hip."

"Can't we turn in a fire alarm," asked Harney, "and tell them that Heck Hall is burning to the ground?"

"Why not set it afire?" suggested Tom. What a sweet revenge that would be."

"Stop fooling, and let's get our thinking caps on, or we are done for."

"Well then," said Rennick, "they've brought down Heck Hall; we might go up and bring down the fair flowers of Woman's Hall."

"Why, half of them have been here already," said Harney, "but I'll go up and see Laura Merrill, and have her try to persuade the rest of the girls to come to our rescue, while you go and hunt up the fellows and tell them that they must come and buy again."

"Buy again, why half the fellows who have been playing this game, have gone broke now, but its all for the cause, and I'll see what I can get them to do."

Harney and Tom gathered all the fraternity folk that they could find, and sent them to bring the needed aid. A strong rally was made, and the hopes of the Greeks began to rise once more. Five o'clock came at last.

"We've won," cried Jack Williams.

"We've won," cried Harney Hale.

"You both deserve to win," cried Mr. Tedlon, rubbing his hands together with joy. It had been the greatest day for sales in the history of his store. No matter who else had won, Mr. Tedlon was certainly a winner by a large majority.

It was a brief matter for the sales of the day to be counted up, and the beaming face of Mr. Tedlon again appeared at the door. The street was blocked with students, Greeks, barbs, "bibs," "preps," and "co-eds," all anxious to hear the announcement.

Mr. Tedlon waved his hands to silence the cheers.

"Dear friends," he said, "I will not keep you in suspense. The contest has been won by the friends of the *Northwestern World*."

If the Barbarians, when they sacked Athens, had uttered such a cry as then went up to the heavens, it is no wonder that the inhabitants were stricken with terror. The latter-day Greeks, at least, fled as

precipitously, and left the field to the victorious enemy.

When the cheering had somewhat subsided, the voice of "Keg" Dollivan was heard. "Meet at the fountain at seven o'clock to-night, boys. We'll celebrate."

"There's be a hot time in the old town to-night," sung Jack Williams.

"My baby," added Leslie, slapping Jack on the back.

When seven o'clock came, the square about the old fountain was surrounded by the cheering horde of Barbarians. Tedlon, who knew a good thing when he saw it, had furnished the cash to pay for a band, and wished that he might have the opportunity to repeat his generosity every week. "Keg" was grand marshal of the evening, and was standing on a big dry goods box, from which he was giving directions to his aids. His prominent position made him a target for all sorts of good-humored jests, and one hilarious fellow called for a speech.

"Speech, speech," immediately screamed a score of echoes.

"Boys," answered "Keg," "Jack Williams has written a song for the occasion, and we'll have him sing it."

"Song, song," became the cry of the fickle lovers of oratory.

Jack was speedily lifted to a place on the box, where he made a low bow that called forth a storm of cheers.

"What's the matter with Jack?" inquired some one.

"He's all right," was the immediate response from a hundred throats.

Jack bowed again, and began to sing. He had a tenor voice of rare quality, and the crowd was hushed into silence as it eagerly listened to him. The words which he had written since the victory were:

"Oh say, did you know the barbs had a fight
With the goats who forever have been so o'erbearing?
Whose ideas about justice were way out of sight,
Overcome with conceit at the pins they were wearing?
Did you know that victorious banners now wave
O'er the heads of the barbs, the free and the brave?
"Oh! What is it that saddens the hearts of the goats,

Who of yore walked triumphant with countenance beaming?
Why now do they grieve in sorrowful notes
To see the gay banners and red torches gleaming?
It's because those gay banners and torches now wave
In the hands of the barbs, the free and the brave.
"And thus be it ever when the silk-stockings blue,
On underwear sales to the fraters relying,
Shall venture to challenge the barbs good and true,
Which the barbs to support, gloves by the hundreds are buying.
Then let the proud banners of victory wave
O'er the heads of the barbs, and the paper they save."

When he had finished the band began to play and the crowd to cheer. The louder the band played the louder the crowd cheered. Rodney Hammell appeared with his arms filled with tin horns. These were quickly distributed, and the din was increased.

Hammell brandished his horn in the air, and started the college yell:

"Rah, rah, rah, rah U, Northwestern!
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!"

A crowd of the enthusiasts siezed Steve and "Keg" and carried them about the foun-

tain on their shoulders. The two favorites at length made their escape and "Keg" commenced to form the crowd in line. Jack Williams proudly marched in front, carrying a large pole, which was surmounted by a huge glove, beneath which was a suit of underwear. He was supported on either side by torch bearers, who held their flickering lights close to Jack's emblem of victory. The band came next, closely followed by the tin horn brigade. These two were carrying on a contest as to which could make the most noise, and the din was ear-splitting. The next division was led by Leslie Owen, and consisted of what he was pleased to address as, "Ye unwashed and unterrified host of wild and woolly Barbarians."

They carried various articles significant of the abuse that they had received from their friend, the enemy. Hoisted high on one erect pole was an enormous paper collar. On another was a cotton sock. Joe Pinkney proudly bore a triangular-shaped trans-

parency, the sides of which breathed victory over the defeated Greeks. On one side the beholders saw this inscription:

> **Massasoits on top,**
> **Where did you get those gloves?**

Opposite to this was the declaration:

> **Our dog wins the fight.**
> **The rattlesnake flag flies high.**

The third side was dedicated to the muse of poesy, and read:

> **O, the fraternity organ,**
> **The musty old organ,**
> **The moss-covered organ,**
> **That challenged the World.**

So with banners, and torches, and noise and music, the crowd swept up Orrington avenue toward Woman's Hall, the Mecca of every student demonstration.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CELEBRATION.

The long corridors of Woman's Hall were quiet. It was not a calling night, and the parlors were empty. Even Purgatory Alley had assumed a lonesome aspect, and the dim gas jets scarce afforded light enough to read the notices of a typically collegiate flavor that were posted on not a few of the doors to the various rooms.

These notices were unique, and many indicated that the inmates of the rooms had, at least temporarily, set aside their social proclivities for the duty that text books demanded. On one door might be read:

"Cramming, Death to the Intruder."

While the diligent ones next door had posted.

**"All Hope Abandon Ye Who Enter Here,
Run Away, Little Girls."**

Their neighbor across the way had

posted a card, on which was written in large letters in red ink:

**"Danger, Beware of the Dog. He Is Loose.
We Are Studying and Can't Stop to Call Him Off."**

Another door had this inhospitable sentence:

**"When You Have Ten Minutes to Spare,
Don't Go to Some One Who Hasn't."**

There was one door on which was a card containing simply the names of the occupants:

"Laura Merrill." "Mave Rowell."

Within, the two room-mates were eagerly discussing the events of the day with a bevy of girls from the other rooms. It was undeniable that a majority in the Hall had favored the Greeks. Laura Merrill was the best known girl in the Freshman class, and she lent her strong influence to the fraternities. Her room-mate, Mave Rowell, was a member of the Woman's Club, and, like most of the members of the club, had sided with the barbs. Of the other girls in the room, Phœbe Lake, Frances Vernon, and

Jennie Crain were members of sororities, and had been enthusiastic helpers of their Greek brothers. Marion Rose, who was a Barbarian, was strong in her devotion to the cause of the Massasoits. Mave's pretty blue eyes were twinkling with pleasure, and she kept repeating in a teasing manner, "Oh, I'm so sorry for you poor frat girls."

"Don't waste your sympathy, Mave," said Laura, "I think the fraternities will manage to weather the storm. We didn't wish to win so very much, anyhow."

"Of course not," laughingly mocked Mave, "but I know a certain girl that spent her entire month's allowance to-day at Tedlon's."

Marion Rose spoke before Laura could answer, "Laura, I should think you would be ashamed of working like you did against us poor Barbarians, especially since Steve Harding was so anxious for us to win."

The other girls laughed, and Laura's cheeks assumed a crimson hue. "Marion," she declared, "that is a real mean remark. What do I care about Steve Harding?"

"Considerable," retorted Marion," "if you think as much of him as he does of you."

"Did you ever see anything like it?" laughed Phoebe Lake, "why, when he meets you in the hall or on the campus, he looks at you as if he wants to eat you up,"

"That's because he's a Barbarian," said Laura, "they say that Barbarians eat people."

"Then I'll take a taste," cried her room-mate, and she bestowed a hearty kiss on Laura's blooming lips.

"I wonder," queried Jessie Crain, "if that's the way that Harding wants to eat Laura?"

"Girls, you make me blush," cried Laura. "Of course, I like Steve Harding, but so does everybody else in college. As for you, Jessie Crain, I notice you are not so adverse to Barbarians, yourself."

"Leslie Owen," laughed Mave.

"I thought Frances had a first mortgage on him," said Marion.

"If she had," said Mave, "she would have foreclosed it long ago."

"I declare, it isn't fair for you girls to drag me into this controversy," cried Frances, "when I have been as quiet as a kitten, and you haven't heard even a purr from me."

"Miss Vernon," said Laura, making a stately bow to her and pointing at Mave and Marion, "don't mind those Heavenly Twins. They are not satisfied with winning the victory to-day, but they must tease us half to death to-night."

It is difficult to say when this gay badinage would have ceased, if there had not been an interruption. A distant sound of music was heard. The girls listened, and the breezes bore to them the clash of brass instruments and the sound of wild shouts.

"For pity's sake," cried Laura, "I believe the Barbarians are upon us. Let us flee to the mountains."

"Hurrah," shouted Mave, dancing about, while Marion clapped her hands, "Hurrah, the conquering heroes come."

She hurried to a closet, and took out two Japanese lanterns.

"Mave Rowell," cried Laura, "you aren't going to help those Barbarians celebrate, are you?"

"Of course I am," laughed Mave. "Don't you see that I'm going to decorate our windows."

"The boys will think you are celebrating, Laura," said Marion.

"Yes, for Steve Harding's sake," added Phoebe.

"You horrid teases," cried Laura, "they know where my sympathies are too well for that."

Mave had lighted the lanterns, and had hung them in the windows, when the throng of celebrators swept onto the lawn.

The barb girls in the Hall had filled their windows with flags and lanterns, and some, who had no other means of expressing their satisfaction at the victory of the day, had illuminated with student lamps.

The Northwestern student has always been eager for the approval of his sister at

the Hall. None of that surly spirit often manifested at co-educational institutions, against the fair sisters, has ever been exhibited at Northwestern, where the "co-eds" are looked upon with reverence and treated with surpassing courtesy. This is true, even, when she carries away more than her share of the scholastic honors. The Northwestern girl is ever the most popular student in college, and no prize is so highly regarded as the sunshine of her smile. It is because of this that, when her brother has snatched a victory from some hard-fought rival, or when he indulges in a college celebration of any kind, his thoughts always turn to her, and his unique offering of joy are brought to her altar.

The victorious faction in the struggle of the day was more than pleased. Had not their opponents told them that "Woman's Hall was solid for the fraternity cause?" And now, when they had come, they had found welcoming lights and banners. Their hearts warmed within them,

and they cheered and cheered the bright faces of their adherents that were beaming down upon them from many windows. Jack had to sing his song again, and the band played nearly every tune in its repertoire. Then they marched away to other scenes of shouting and rejoicing, until, at last, late in the night, a happy and tired crowd of college boys melted away to dream of future glories and victories.

CHAPTER XII.

ON WATCH.

It was Harney Hale's watch at the Life Saving Station. He was leaning against the post that supported the roof of the porch, and was looking out over the lake. This was his third year at Evanston, where he had spent two years in the Preparatory school before he had entered college with the present Freshman class. His mind wandered back to his early life on the central Illinois farm, where his father and mother were still living, and of his struggles to come to college. Harney's parents were poor, and his first year at Evanston had been a hard one. In the fall and spring he had cared for lawns, and in the winter months he had risen early and tended furnaces. Toward the end of the year he had pumped the organ at the church during the practice hours of the music students. He had worked three hours a day at this and had thought himself to be wonderfully

lucky. True, at first, as he expressed it, "The pumping threatened to sweat all the original sin out of him," but it soon developed his muscles and deepened his breathing. During his last year in Preparatory, he had been fortunate enough to get a place on the Life Saving Crew, and the day of odd jobs was past. Harney had felt profoundly grateful for this. He appreciated the honor of being a member of the famous student Life Saving Crew the government maintains at Evanston. He was proud of its achievements and of all the commendations it had received in the past. Moreover, he was at last on his feet, financially, and he knew that faithful performance of duty meant that he need worry no longer about getting through college. Harney thought of some things regretfully. His break with Steve Harding had been a genuine sorrow to him. Their intimacy during "prep" days had been enjoyed by him, and he had expected it to continue through their college course. Steve had been

chiefly instrumental in securing his election as class President, and this had drawn them closer together. It had not been an easy thing for Harney to resign the Presidency, but he felt no regret that, when it had become necessary to make a choice, he had decided in the way that he had. The associations of his fraternity meant much to Harney, and he felt that they more than made up for the loss of Steve's friendship, much as he regretted the rupture. Harney Hale was, as college men sometimes say, naturally a fraternity man. That is, the fraternity idea peculiarly appealed to him. He could not understand the reason for Steve's opposition, and he was astonished at the strength of the Massasoits. At first, he had regarded the members of the new society as students who had been disappointed at not receiving invitations to join fraternities, and, so, had organized an opposition. He could no longer think this, for he knew too many of them who had had opportunities to join and refused. He

especially regretted his words to Steve the night his friend had met him wearing the Alpha Phi Epsilon colors. He knew that what he said was unjust and unkind and he had often wished he could recall it. He was thinking of all this, this afternoon, and wondering if he and Steve ever would become friends again.

His reverie was interrupted by Tom Rennick, who came up from the shore, laughing.

"What are you laughing at, Tom?" Harney asked.

"Those Bannock boys were down on the pier," replied Tom, "and, as usual, the big fellow was bullying the kid. Finally, he pushed him into the lake, clothes and all, and laughed at him all the time the little fellow was swimming ashore. I tell you he isn't laughing much now. I fixed him. I grabbed him by the nape of the neck, and dipped him beneath the waves three times, and would have again, if he hadn't cried for mercy."

"Good," laughed Harney, "but aren't you afraid you'll get into trouble with his folks?"

"No, his father was down here the other day, and I told him how that big fellow was treating his small brother. The old man told me to take him in hand the next time I saw any trouble, and, as you see, I've accepted the invitation."

While they were laughing, Charley Hastings, Knappy Rich, and Teddy Merrill came around the corner of the building.

"Hello, fellows," called Charley, "how binst?"

"Binst well, binst thou, du beast?" returned Henry.

"Oh, I'm binst enough," replied Charley, "but why that smile on your benign countenance?"

"His seven by nine countenance, you mean," said Knappy Rich.

They listened with amusement to Tom's story about the ducking.

"Were you fellows at chapel to-day?" asked Teddy Merrill.

Tom and Harney intimated that they were not.

"Some Freshman had the cheek to decorate the entire wall back of the choir with his class colors. The effrontery of the fellow took away the breath of the whole college. Knappy here whispered to Phoebe Lake that he couldn't believe that any member of his class would be so audacious."

"Then Phoebe blinked those dark brown eyes at me," said Knappy, "and asked why I did such things."

"Knappy told her," added Teddy, "that he did them on general principles, and she said, 'I guess you mean on general lack of principles.'"

"Then you should have seen the wheels go around in his head," said Charley.

"There are no wheels in Knappy's head," ventured Tom, "just hypotenuse stuck upon perpendiculars."

"And some abscissa on ordinates," said Harney.

"That's right, shove it in and break it off," growled the guyed Knappy.

"Come fellows," said Charley, "quit your pig-sticking."

Knappy was getting madder every minute.

"Say now, you stop jumping on me. If I can't be treated decently I'll leave you. Heaven knows I have enough work to do, for if I don't get down and grind I'll 'flunk' dead sure. I came out for a little social chat with you fellows, and you do nothing but irritate me."

"Poor fellow," cried Teddy, "he's brain tired."

"Brain tired," laughed Harney, "why he never works. He has the finest stable in college. He owns a splendid string of horses."

"That's one thing I blame Knappy for," said Tom, "you know the good book tells us that a merciful man is merciful to his beast, and yet I'm told that Knappy almost works those horses to death."

"He has a fine driver now," said Teddy, "he calls the animal 'Livy'."

"Classical names again!" cried Harney in mock surprise. "Why, last year in 'prep' he rode a little beast called 'Virgil'."

Happily for the tortured Knappy, a rescuer appeared on the scene at this moment.

The diversion was caused by a small boy, who was distributing large pink handbills. He gave one to each of the fellows, who received them with apparent delight.

"By Jove, boys," cried Tom, "a circus is coming."

"Lambert Brothers again," read Teddy.

"Let the joyful news be spread on the campus," cried Charley.

One of the great events in the college year at Evanston was the coming of the circus. The students turned out *en masse*, and generally contrived to give the show a warm reception. The circus men, in making up their route for the season, always stopped and meditated, when they came to the place on the map marked Evanston.

They remembered the wild guying of the previous years; the screeches, which even the notes of the steam calliope could not drown; and the taunts, with which each of the "artists" was greeted as he stepped into the ring. On the other hand, there was the money-till, filled and overflowing, for they were always sure of a large crowd. The students themselves nearly filled the big tent, and hundreds of town-people attended to watch the students, whom they considered as great a circus as the show itself. The money consideration generally prevailed with the circus men, who were not inclined to be squeamish about a little trouble, when the clink of cold cash was sounding in their ears. Lambert Brothers especially, had cause to remember Evanston. The year before "Keg" Dollivan had won the ten dollars in gold that they offered to any one who could ride their trick donkey. After an uproarious evening, the students had ended their pleasure by tipping over the ticket wagon, agent and all.

That this had not deterred them from making a return date was evident, for here were their announcements being scattered broadcast on the streets.

"If we have as warm a time as we did last year," said Harney, "we will certainly be doing well."

Tom laughed as he thought of the last circus, and said, "I didn't laugh as much that night as I do now, when I think of what happened. To tell the truth, when I heard the circus men give their rallying cry of 'Hey Rube,' and saw their vicious clubs, I was frightened. Every tent flap seemed to conceal an ugly-looking specimen of the canvasman, and I began to believe that I was going to get my skull cracked, sure enough."

"I'll never forget how I ran," said Harney, "when Pat Faze swung his squad of bluecoats across the circus grounds toward us. Pat was a good friend to us that night. He knew the only way to save our heads was to get us on the gallop. Of course, all

we could see were visions of the patrol wagon and a damp cell. Pat thought we were not going fast enough, and so he yelled, 'Fire at them.' Every one of the eight coppers fired his revolver, though, to be sure, they were pointed at an angle of ninety degrees from the earth. We did not know that, however, and the noise accelerated our speed wonderfully. 'Keg' and I ploughed along together, until we both ran into a barb wire fence, where he lost a large portion of his trousers. 'Keg' swore then and there that the next time he went to a circus he was going to wear overalls."

"He'd better get some tin pants made," laughed Knappy.

"Whatever 'Keg' wears," said Tom," I'll bet he will be there next week, and so will a mob of us."

It was not long before the entire campus had heard of the coming of the circus, and there seemed to be every indication that the attendance would be general.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CIRCUS.

Amid a crash and clash of brass instruments, the opening pageant of the circus circled around the sawdust ring. Graceful riders, their costumes shining with the glitter of metal ornaments, guided their prancing steeds through mazy evolutions. Footmen with scarlet and purple banners marched in procession with stately tread that lent them an appearance of importance. Fantastically attired clowns, on exceedingly small donkeys, made moon-eyes at the walls of watchers that filled the tent. Prancing horses drew chariots of carved wood, driven by muscular gladiators and painted Amazons. Above the blare of the band there continually arose the din of the student banter.

> **Rah, rah, rah, rah, U. Northwestern,**
> **Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!**

The slogan sounded forth again and again in tremendous volume. The students

had poured into the big tent in wildly enthusiastic crowds. They were in a gay humor, and, as good Pat Faze swung his stick to and fro, he looked up at them and muttered to himself, "They're up to mischief to-night, and the ould divil himself couldn't kape thim down."

The worthy man's knowledge came from a long experience with his campus friends, and none knew better than he how to read the barometer of their spirits.

To-night the face of not a single popular college man was missing. Steve Harding, Harney Hale, "Keg" Dollivan, and Tom Rennick were beating out the time of the yell with canes, while the faces of Leslie Owen, Gene Jennings, Knappy Rich, Teddy Merrill, and Jack Williams glowed with excitement from the benches, each one being intent on adding to his share of the uproar. And, while they were perhaps better known and more popular than many of their college mates, it would not be fair to say that they were succeeding any better in their efforts

to imitate bedlam than scores of their classmates around them.

As the performance proceeded the enthusiasm of the clamorous youths grew more and more suspicious. The "artists" were received with thunders of applause that would have turned their heads, if they had not perceived the sarcasm back of it. When the clown with pink and blue bedaubed face had essayed to sing "Sally in Our Alley," the students at first joined in the refrain, drowning out his voice entirely, and then chaffed him so that he angrily left the ring, despite the expostulations of the circus proprietor. The boisterousness was increasing, and the circus owners began to grow alarmed. They carried a small menagerie with them, and the animals were beginning to grow uneasy, pacing their cages, in the adjoining tent, and emitting fierce growls. With each succeeding cry from the big tent they grew more and more unmanageable. Pharaoh, the elephant, tugged at his chains until he had

freed himself, and his trainer had with difficulty taken him to his car on the switch track of the railroad, a block away. When the huge beast was safely secured, the trainer and his helpers breathed a sigh of relief.

"If them students had got old Pharaoh after them," said the trainer, "I'll bet they wouldn't a stopped runnin' till they got to the other shore of Lake Michigan."

With his assistants he hurried back to the menagerie to look after Nero, the king of beasts. They were wise in doing so, for Nero needed looking after. Nero was a lion of ferocious temper who had made so much trouble for the circus hands that even the owners cursed the day they bought him. He had belonged to several other shows, but they had all been glad to get rid of him, after he had killed and mutilated several men. He was a magnificent animal, and when he had been offered to Lambert Brothers for a song they had been unable to resist the temptation to buy him,

although they had repented their folly many times since, He had escaped from his cage once since they had owned him, and before they had succeeded in getting him back he had torn one man to pieces. His mood to-night was an ugly one, and he paced back and forth in his cage, stopping at times to claw at the iron bars that held him back from liberty. The Lambert Brothers decided that they must devise a plan to quiet the crowd. The last performance on the programme was the feature of the show, and it was decided to have this presented immediately, in the hope that the excitement would subside, so that the remainder of the performance could be given. The ringmaster mounted the side of the ring and announced that "Little Narlitta, the baby queen of the tight rope," would next appear. It had been a happy thought on the part of the proprietors to introduce the infant prodigy, for at sight of her the unruly audience subsided into almost instant silence. With pompous dignity the

ringmaster led into the ring a little child. She did not appear to be over six years old.

"What a beauty!" whispered one of the boys. His words were the expression of the composite thought of the audience. The tiny maid needed no spangles or gaudy attire to set off her charming little face. A countenance of childish purity, from which peered two blue eyes, was surmounted by a crown of sunlit hair. When she made her dainty bow she was as devoid of the brazenness of the ordinary circus child as a violet is of a suggestion of immodesty. An indescribable charm lingered about her. One, and only one, of the crowd which a moment before was so full of mocking derision, attempted to welcome her with the cry which had greeted the other performers; and he was so vigorously frowned upon by his fellows that he slunk down from his seat and out of the tent. Harney Hale's eyes had lighted up with what was almost a look of recognition when she came into the ring, and he had seized with a painful

grasp the arm of Leslie Owen, who sat beside him. Narlitta had been placed upon a rope, suspended a few feet from the ground. She had just run across it with a gliding motion, full of grace and agility, when the silence of the great audience was broken by a hoarse roar. A pandemonium of cries arose from the adjoining tent, and an instant later, with a vicious spring, the lion dashed into the center of the ring. At the first outcry, the child had leaped from the rope to the ground, and now was but a few yards from the great beast. Transfixed with terror, she stood gazing at the brute. The king of the forest paused, and surveyed the scene of confusion, as if astonished at the consternation he had caused. This was only for a moment, and then his eyes fell on the child in the ring. It was a pitiful, shrinking little figure, but to the cruel beast it only meant life to be crushed, and he gathered himself for a spring.

Meanwhile, in the confusion which had become epidemic, there was one cool head.

When the beast had first leaped into the ring, Steve Harding sprang from his seat, and bounded through the crowd toward the little girl. The sight of the wild, tawny-haired monster, and of the frightened, helpless child, was a picture that obliterated every thought of danger to himself. As he neared the arena, he saw upon the ground a spear, which had been dropped by one of the marchers in the opening pageant, and he stooped a fraction of a second to pick it up. An instant later he was in the ring. His coming seemed to awaken Narlitta from her trance-like poise, and she sprang to him, uttering a shrill cry of despair. The appearance of an antagonist startled the lion, and he hesitated. In a trice he recovered himself, but that moment of time had been sufficient for the daring young collegian to place the spear in position. An awful roar, and the great body came hurtling through the air. Steve stood erect, and thrust forward with his weapon, straight at the yellow breast; his mind tingling as never

before with the sweetness of life; his whole being thrilling with the thought that he had but one chance for his life; and he seized that chance with all the courage that his soul could summon. On, on, came the beast, and as the steel shaft entered his breast, it stayed not the force of his leap, and down in the dust of the ring went Steve and little Narlitta, covered by the form of the great beast. Their stars must have been bright that day, for the tardy circus hands, who now rushed forward, rolled away a lifeless carcass from the prostrate forms of the two actors in a drama that had not been upon the bills. The sharp point of the spear had gone through the heart of the lion, and his death had been instantaneous. Steve was unhurt. He rose to his feet, taking the little girl to his breast. She threw her arms around the neck of her rescuer and kissed him. The throng that surrounded them, carried beyond themselves with the exciting events, which had been enacted in a few brief moments, broke

into hysterical cheers. To Steve's brave heart there came no sense of glory. Tears filled his eyes as he looked into the innocent little face that he had saved from death, and his soul breathed out to God a prayer of thankfulness.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORY OF LITTLE NARLITTA.

Harney Hale made his way through the crowd that surrounded Steve and Narlitta, and with his arms outstretched, said to the brave boy, "Let me take her."

Something in his face impelled Steve to surrender his burden without a word. Harney took the little girl in his arms, and gazed long and earnestly into her face. At length he looked up, and said in a grave voice, the tones of which were not unmixed with joy, "This is my sister's child. She was stolen from home three years ago."

This extraordinary statement increased the excitement, and the crowd pressed closer to learn the reason for the strange declaration.

John Lambert, the senior partner of Lambert Brothers, had forced his way through the crowd, and reached the central group in time to hear Harney's words. That he was disturbed was evident. He

placed his hand on Harney's shoulder, and said, "Will you please come with me to the side tent, where we can talk over this matter?"

Harney, bearing the child in his arms, and accompanied by Steve, followed Mr. Lambert. Pat Faze cleared the way through the crowd to the little dressing tent. The circus proprietor ordered several canvasmen to stand before the entrance to the tent, and keep out the throng that followed.

As the little company entered the smaller tent, he pointed to some boxes and trunks, and said, "We will sit here and dig to the bottom of this strange affair."

Before they began their conversation, they were joined by Josiah Lambert, the other brother of the firm, and Mlle. Ilo, a trapeze performer, who in private life was Mrs. John Lambert.

John Lambert began:

"You have said that this child is your niece, and that she was stolen from home three years ago. Will you please explain?"

"She certainly is my niece," replied Harney, "but I think if there are to be any explanations, one is most certainly due from you. Here is a child, kidnapped, mourned by her parents as forever lost, found in your possession. I think you are the one liable to be called upon to explain."

John Lambert heard the words without resentment, and said, "Young man, as far as we are concerned, we have nothing to fear. I am almost satisfied that your claim regarding the child is a true one, for she came to us in mystery. But if you will tell why you believe this child to be the one you claim your sister lost, we will then furnish our part of the story."

"There is little to tell," said Harney. "My sister and her husband live in a small city in the central part of this state. Three years ago their little girl was left alone for a few moments, sitting upon their porch. When her mother returned, the child was gone. Search was made for her, but without success. Her parents and

friends have never heard from her since. I came to the circus with the rest of the boys for a good time. The instant this child, whom you call Narlitta, but whose name is really Grace, appeared, I felt sure that she was my niece. I could with difficulty restrain myself from rushing into the ring. She is the very picture of her mother, and more than that I have found on her arm a scar, which was caused by a severe burn she received when she was a little over a year old."

The little group listened with deep interest to Harney's story, and none more so than the showman. When Harney had finished, Mr. Lambert asked the name of the child.

"Grace Mary Sunnett," replied Harney. "The reason I have asked you this," said the showman, "will be apparent later. I said to you that the child came to us in mystery. It was two years ago. It was our custom each season to employ a gypsy fortune teller to travel with our circus. Our

winter quarters are in the east, near Philadelphia. In answer to our advertisement, a woman, calling herself, 'Nared Brown, the Gypsy Princess,' came to us, and applied for the position. She was a typical gypsy in appearance, dark, tall and silent. When put to the test, as to her art as a palmist and kindred tricks of her trade, she proved such an adept that we engaged her. Nared surprised us, when the season opened, by bringing with her a little child of whom she had not spoken before. It was easy to see that there was no kinship between the two, for the little one was as bright as a sunbeam in appearance, while the gypsy was as foreboding as a thunder cloud. When we questioned her, she said that the child was the daughter of friends, who had died, and that she had adopted her. We were somewhat adverse to taking a child with us, but the woman insisted, and my wife took such a fancy to the little one that my brother and I finally yielded. Nared immediately began to train the child to do

the tight-rope act, and the little one soon evinced such skill that we placed her on our programme. Last year, near the end of the season, Nared was taken sick, and, after suffering for several days, she died. A few minutes before her death she called for my wife, and, though so weak that she was scarcely able to speak, she made Mrs. Lambert understand that Narlitta had been stolen, instead of being the child of friends, as she had told us. She did not know the name of the family to whom she belonged, and the only trace that she had was a gold-framed miniature the girl was wearing, when she was stolen. Upon this was engraved three letters, presumably the initials of her name. My wife, eager to discover the identity of the child, asked the gypsy in what part of the country she had stolen the child. The woman was too far gone to answer, and died, without revealing the locality from which the child came. The initials on the miniature were the only clue we had to the child's name, and they were

'G. M. S.' the same as those of your lost niece. We advertised in the papers of the place where Nared came to us, and also in the New York papers, but no answer was received. Mrs. Lambert and I finally decided that we would bring up the child as our own daughter, having given up the hope of ever discovering her identity. As I said to you before we have nothing to fear in any investigation you may make, for we have the most ample evidence to substantiate everything I have said."

The straightforward story of the showman was manifestly true, and Harney freely expressed his regret at his hasty words.

"In a case like this," said Mr. Lambert, "there is no need of apologies. We shall miss little Narlitta sorely, for we have grown to love her, but we are grateful to be able to restore her to her parents."

No one could explain why the gypsy woman had taken the child. The most plausible reason seemed to be that the winsome ways of the little one had attracted her.

A telegram reached a little home in central Illinois that night, and the next train north bore two happy hearts across the prairies toward the quiet city by the lake. Narlitta, no longer, but now Miss Grace Mary Sunnett, was quickly taken back to the scenes of her earlier childhood, and there none, unacquainted with her romantic story, would have suspected that the demure little school girl had once been "Narlitta, the baby queen of the tight rope."

CHAPTER XV.

THE RENEWAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

Steve had just turned the corner of University Place and had started for the lake shore when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned, and saw Harney's outstretched arms. A day had passed since the stirring scenes at the circus, and it had been a busy time for Harney. Now, for the first time since then, he meets Steve. The latter took the two hands of his former friend, and Harney exclaimed, "Steve, how can I ever thank you? Everybody is talking about your heroism, and none has more reason to praise than I."

Steve blushed, as he had many times during the past few hours, at the words of appreciation that were being showered upon him.

"Harney, I don't deserve so much praise. All I saw that night was the girl and her awful peril. I am grateful that I was able

to do what I did, and the more so because the affair has turned out as it has."

Harney slipped his arm through Steve's, as they walked together toward the lake. "Steve," said he, "I hope this will patch up our misunderstanding. We have been at outs long enough. You will never know how deeply I have felt the loss of your friendship. It is too bad that anything should ever have happened, but we must not allow it to continue any longer. We must be friends again."

Steve replied heartily, "I am afraid I was too hard on you, Harney. That night we met on the campus I was carried away by my anger. I should not have let my feelings concerning the fraternities turn me against you. Your resigning the Presidency certainly showed that you were willing to sacrifice whatever honors the barbs gave you for the sake of your fraternity."

"Steve, we must be friends again. Fraternity or no fraternity, I am determined on that and, if you aren't willing, I'll just

tell you that I'm going to be your friend whether you are mine or not."

"Of course we'll be friends," said Steve, thrusting out his hand. "Next to Leslie Owen there is no other fellow in college that I like better than you."

Harney clasped the extended hand, and held it tightly. The two had turned from the walk, and, passing "prep," strolled down toward the shore. Both of them felt deeply this renewal of friendship.

"Let's sit on the end of the breakwater and finish our pow-wow," suggested Harney.

They walked to the old breakwater back of the "gym."

In the beautiful college town there are no haunts more ideal than these little piers reaching from the campus out into the lake. Behind, extends the great green expanse with its noble trees, through which peep the stately buildings of old Northwestern. In front is the lake, a splendid mass of quivering waves. In the

soft air of an autumn afternoon, when the warmth has just a touch of deliciousness, to sit upon the edge of the breakwater, and drink in the clear, fresh ozone, is to know contentment and to feel at peace with all the world. For a time, at least, it is death to ambition, and the joy of being is supreme. If one could only dwell in this balm forever, to dream and meditate, ambition would be forgotten.

The two sat on the rough logs rising from the water above the end of the pier.

"We must have a good talk," said Harney. "We have not had an opportunity to chat for a long time. Even if I do belong to one of those obnoxious fraternities, I'm not such a bad fellow after all."

"Don't mark me down as a hater of fraternities, and every phase of them," returned Steve. "I don't wish to be unjust. There are many things about them which I admire. The friendship they cultivate, the loyalty of their members to one another and their genuine comradeship, strongly

appeal to me. I object to their seeming ambition to get a fence around the earth and to shut everybody else out. They have not been disposed to give the non-fraternity men a fair show in college. In my "prep" days I used to say, 'When I get in college, I will unite those barbs and we will lead the frat men a merry chase. To me it was the old story of helping the under dog, and my inherent sense of fair play urged me to do it. If it had not been for your election to the class Presidency by the barbs and subsequent initiation into a fraternity, with Staver's election as editor by a sharp trick, I don't know but that I should ultimately have grown tired of my opposition and should have accepted one of the "bids" I received. The uprising of the Massasoits was really caused by those two happenings, and I knew those fellows looked to me to throw myself into the fight and help them out, so I did."

"What will be the finish of the Massasoits?" asked Harney.

"I'm no prophet," replied Steve. "Of course the superior organization of the fraternities give them an advantage that is hard to fight against. I am wise enough to see that the fraternities are not going to die. You fellows will continue your exclusiveness and, I suppose, when you get to heaven you will want to get off in one corner by yourselves and wear pins. The most that we can hope to do is to keep up a strong organization and to keep you down as much as we are able. I sometimes fear it will be hard work to do it."

"It will not only be hard work," returned Harney, "but you will never be able to do it. The fraternities have too many advantages. Your membership is too incompatible. In each fraternity chapter there are united, congenial spirits, men who work together. The Massasoits may be good fellows, but they represent so many different elements of college life that they will not coalesce. You may object to cliques, and, I grant, there are bad features

about them, but fraternities or no fraternities, there will be cliques. They have them at the colleges, where there are no fraternities. They have them in every phase of society. Fraternities are not responsible for cliques, but are simply one of the forms which they assume. The splendidness of the friendships I have formed in my fraternity will be a joy to me through life. My frat brothers are real brothers to me, and I love them as such. I know, when I grow old and near the end of life, the one thing I shall remember above all others of my college days will be the old frat with its group of dearly beloved fellows. The fellow that puts away a frat 'bid' is missing a wealth of the best there is in life. Why, after a man is out of college it makes a difference to him. I remember two Seniors in college when I first entered 'prep.' One was Darford, a member of Delta Phi, the other was Lidmon, a barb. They were graduated that year, and both of them came back this fall to visit the old scenes. I could not

help noticing the difference. Darford went right to the Delta Phi Hall and was received there with open arms and made to feel at home, although he had never met a third of the present chapter. He was a Delta Phi, and that was enough for them. They paid him attentions, introduced him to the new 'Profs,' took him to see the girls, fed him like a cannibal king feeds a lean missionary, and he went away delighted. On the other hand, Lidmon found that nearly everyone he had known was gone. He moped around, met a few of his old Professors, called on his former landlady, and, finally, left town as blue as a bilberry. Which of the two do you think will make the most loyal alumnus of the University? Of course Darford will. Lidmon may be just as good a fellow, but Darford's environment will make him love the place more and more, while Lidmon will only think of the old days, when he was here"

"Almost thou persuadest me," laughed Steve.

"As for that, I promised you I would not annoy you by urging you to change your mind. In fact, I realize that at this time it would be improper for you to pledge yourself to any fraternity, even if you should desire to do so. There is one thing, though, that I want to ask you to promise me. If you ever change your mind, will you come to me and tell me? I violate no frat honor, when I say to you confidentially that there will always be a place for you in Alpha Phi Epsilon. In spite of the opposition that you have shown, all our boys are very fond of you. You know how I feel about it. Will you promise me?"

"I don't want to make a promise of that kind," said Steve," "but, if I ever change, you will probably see it without my telling you. I feel that I ought to stick to the Massasoits, as long as they keep above the water, and, perhaps, when the old boat sinks, I will go down with the wreck. I thank you for your good feeling, and, remember, we are friends."

"I have a message for you," said Harney, taking a little package from his pocket. "My sister and her husband hoped to see you again before they went away, and expected to do so. When they spoke of rewarding you yesterday morning for saving little Grace, you were so indignant they did not broach the subject again, but they left this for you."

He unwrapped the package and revealed a handsome gold watch. It was inscribed, "To Steven Harding for his brave act in saving the life of Grace Mary Sunnett."

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Steve. Then looking quizzically at Harney, he asked, "Ought I not to beware of Greeks bearing gifts?"

"Not in this instance," and locking arms they again strolled up the bank and across the campus.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WRECK.

In the gray of the morning a call had come for the Life Saving Crew. Nearly a score of miles to the north, a vessel was stranded on the outer bar in a sea that beat and beat upon it, until every timber shivered and groaned and threatened to give way. Tom Rennick had been on watch, when the word came, and he sounded the alarm that brought the grizzly old captain and the life saving boys from their beds, across the way, to the station that contained their weapons for fighting the fierce waters. In a few words the situation was explained. The captain, Rennick, Harney, and Jimmie Wing swung the big truck of the surf boat into the yard, where Marvel Town and Jack Franklin attached two horses which they had hurriedly secured to the shafts. Will Rosby, the new man on the crew, hurried out the little cannon with

its long shot line and with the assistance of the others, it was swung onto the apparatus cart. Rosby was a "prep" having been on the crew but a few days, and now his heart was beating rapidly. He was to be "under fire" for the first time, and he was anxious to show his tried companions that he was faithful to the highest degree. The heads of the horses were turned to the north and the little band started forward. Beating into their faces was the sleet and rain of a nor'easter, while the bitter cold ate its way to their very bones. Through the darkness and storm, they pushed on. As they approached their destination, the route grew rougher and rougher. Crossing deep ravines, down precipitous hills and through dark woods, they braved the fierce elements, all their thoughts concentrated on the stranded vessel with its burden of humanity that hovered over the black depths of the cold waters. With glad eyes, they saw, at last, the bluff of the lake, and hurried the tugging horses on. When they reached

the great bank, they rushed to the edge and peered out over the waters. Even the eyes of the strong old captain quailed at the sight. Great waves came, one after the other, beating against the face of the bluff with sullen roars like the harsh cries of enraged beasts. Every crest was laden with frigidity and gloom. Huge pieces of ice tossed here and there by the rushing waters would strike against the steep sides of the shore with resounding crashes like murmurs from the northern ice-fields. The strong man had known the lake for years, and loved it. He had seen its surface lighted up like a great sheen of glory, the divine calm of its face reflecting light and beauty. He had seen it lash itself into foam and fury and, gathering all its forces, throw itself, an impetuous enemy, upon the shores it had shortly before lavished with gentle kisses. Never before had he seen it as to-day. Each cold wave was a foeman mocking him. Twisting and twirling with fantastic and

cruel shapes, every billow was possessed with a hundred fingers that beckoned him to the contest. The picture flashed through his mind in an instant, but the danger made no impression there. His keen eyes were sweeping through the gloom, that enveloped the waters, for the distressed vessel.

"There," he cried and the gaze of his companions following the direction of his long finger saw, a quarter of a mile from the shore, a ship lying helplessly on one side with great sheets of water pouring over her.

"We'll try sending a line," said the captain.

The little cannon was quickly placed in position with the long coil of thin rope resting beside it. It seemed as if this must be the only hope of the despairing figures on the wreck. Harney pulled the lanyard and the cannon roared as the long line shot out across the water toward the boat.

"Too short," cried a hundred voices

from the crowd now thronging the beach.

"Try again," came the grim voice of the captain. Once more the line shot out toward the ship and again it fell short.

"The line will never reach," said the captain. "We must try the boat."

"Impossible," cried one of the citizens. "Why, captain, you will be drowned yourself. It is foolhardy."

"No boat can live in that sea," protested another, "do not do it captain."

The face of the captain grew firmer.

"It is our duty," he said, "and I believe we ought to go. Boys, are you ready?"

The crowd looked into the boyish faces of the student crew and wondered what their answer would be. Would these young fellows, who but a few hours before had laid aside their books, challenge Death itself? That day an imperishable page of glory was added to the annals of old Northwestern and a victory was won greater than any ever snatched on base-ball diamond or football gridiron.

"Ready," sounded every young voice, clear and true, and the awe-stricken crowd, carried away by their bravery, forgot its fear and cheered them again and again. Meanwhile, the captain had been searching for a place to launch the surf boat. He found a deep ravine through which the boat might be carried to the beach.

"We need volunteers," he cried, "to help us with the boat to the water and to cut away the underbrush."

"We'll help," shouted Steve Harding, who had just arrived at the head of two score students. With strenuous efforts the brush was cleared away, and the boat pushed to the surf. The waves beat upon it, but the brave boys were not dismayed. They rushed into the freezing water, up to their waists, and dragged the unwilling boat with them.

"God bless you, ' whispered Steve to Harney as the latter clambered into the boat, "God bless you, old boy, and be with you."

Steve heard him solemnly call back, "Amen," as the boat caught in the whirling waters dashed away under oars that swept and dipped swiftly into the waves. Many eyes filled with tears and many whispered to those about them, "They will never come back."

"Steady, boys," came the strong voice of the captain, "We'll make it yet."

As if to belie his words, the gale redoubled its fury. The stinging sleet bit into their faces and hands, while the waters lifted them on unsubstantial mountains which suddenly giving away left them sliding into deep hollows surrounded by walls of death. As they drew nearer the ship, the fight grew harder. The currents of air and water would unite in an effort to carry them far to one side of the ship. Ice formed a coating over their tarpaulins, and their hands froze to the oars. The clash of the torrents against the sides of their craft sounded like artillery, while the smaller waves gave hissing sounds that

might have come from venemous serpents.

Laboring like galley slaves they sent the creeping boat on. Inch by inch the gains were made, and, even then at times, they were swept back one—two—three yards.

"Careful, careful," commanded the captain, as they approached the lee side of the boat.

As they neared the vessel it was seen to be a small lake steamer. There were five men standing at the rail, eagerly watching the oncoming of their rescuers.

"Careful," again cried the veteran life saver.

It was a dangerous task to get alongside the ship in the terrific sea, but the trained arm of the captain guided the sweep, till the little craft, acting like a thing of life, glided beneath the bow of the larger vessel. Two of the men from the deck above threw a line to the life-savers. It was skillfully caught, and the two boats were brought as close together as possible in the running sea.

"Two women aboard," shouted one of the men, who appeared to be in command.

He and one of the other men disappeared for a moment, to reappear, supporting the forms of two unconscious women. Ropes were passed around them, and they were quickly lowered into the arms of the men below. One of them was an elderly woman, with a kind, motherly face, that made many of the boys think of their own mothers at home. The other was a girl of sixteen or seventeen, apparently the daughter of the elder woman. When the women were secured in the boat, the men slid down the rope rapidly one after the other.

"Boys," said the captain, "it will take all our skill and strength to reach the shore with this load. Let every man do his best."

As the heavily-burdened life-boat shot out from the shelter of the lee of the steamer, now going fast to pieces, it was caught by a tremendous sea, and, for a moment it seemed as if it must topple over.

The captain roared, "Back port, pull starboard."

With a movement, as of one body, the port side surfmen bent forward on their oars again and again, while the men on the starboard pulled with superhuman effort. The boat trembled like the leaf of an aspen while little by little it was conquered by the cunning of the hands at the oars, and, once more, the boat, with its precious freight, started for the shore.

The savage waves, as if determined not to be cheated of their prey, piled one upon another in the dark sea behind them and then with engulfing fury came sweeping upon the little craft.

"Reverse thwart," shrieked the captain.

The crew sprang up and turned about, and in a moment the boat was putting out to sea. It met the furious flood, breasted it and passed beyond to safety.

"Reverse thwart," again commanded the captain. With their backs once more toward the shore, the boat moved on to the haven of their hopes. It was a battle of the strong. Man and nature were strug-

gling for supremacy. Buffeted and struggling, now drawing nearer, and now receding, with hope sometimes high and then at its lowest ebb, the men in the boat fought on. With frozen limbs, and strength almost gone, every one of them, from the captain to the youngest recruit, bidding despair begone, bent to the task. God was good to them, and they prevailed.

Anxious hands were stretched out toward them as they neared the shore, and, when the boat had been drawn upon the beach by the eager landsmen, the worn-out and half-frozen passengers were tenderly lifted out and hurriedly carried to a cottage. There they were warmed back to strength and life.

Steve, concerned about Harney, hastened to the house, and found him under the care of two stalwart men, who were bringing the circulation back into his limbs by vigorous massage.

'I'm all right,'' Harney replied to his question, ''see about the other boys.''

Steve crossed the room to a bed, where a physician was working over the unconscious forms of two women. He had not seen them except at a distance, and supposed that they were the wives of some of the men on the boat. The physician, who had been between him and the forms of the women, stepped to one side. Steve glanced at the women, and uttered a loud cry of amazement.

They were his mother and sister.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

A cheerful group was gathered in the room at Mrs. Lockley's occupied by Steve and Leslie. Mrs. Harding and her daughter, Tracey, were there, both of them pale from the experience of the day before, but very happy and entering into the conversation with a zest. Steve stood near his mother, his manly face beaming with satisfaction, and Leslie was paying all sorts of little attentions to pretty Tracey.

Harney Hale and Jack Williams had just come in. Harney had been received with cordial handclasps by the ladies, and with great hugs from Steve and Leslie.

"Mother and sister are about over the results of their hard adventure," said Steve, in response to his friend's query. "How are the boys?"

"With the exception of a few frozen hands and feet they are all right," said Harney.

"Northwestern will never forget them and their brave work of yesterday," said Leslie.

"The entire country is sounding with their praises," said Jack. "The Congressman from this district has introduced a bill voting them medals, and everybody is sure it will pass."

Mrs. Harding took Harney's hand again, saying as she did so, "You and your companions are brave boys. We owe our lives to you. When we were in that awful storm, I could not believe there was a possibility of rescue. None would have blamed you if you had not made the venture. God bless you, my boy, I am sure your mother is proud of you."

Then, before the blushing Harney could draw back, Tracey caught his other hand, and cried, "Mr. Hale, I think you boys are the very bravest fellows that ever lived."

Then Steve hugged him again, crying, "I owe my mother and sister to you. I shall love you forever."

The presence of Mrs. Harding and Tracey on the steamer had been explained the day before. The captain of the boat lived in the little Wisconsin town where they did. When he had told them that he intended to take the steamer to Chicago to have it refitted with new machinery, Tracey had suggested to her mother that they take the trip with the captain to the great city, and from there go out to Evanston and surprise Steve with a visit. Mrs. Harding agreed to this, and Captain Turley was pleased to have them take the trip.

When the storm came up, he soon perceived that his boat would not be able to weather it, and had turned toward the shore, hoping to get near enough to be taken off without danger. The storm increased in violence, and, when the bar was struck, he gave up all hope of succor. In this he was happily disappointed, but he and his men, together with the two passengers, owed their lives to the student

Life Saving Crew of Northwestern University and its brave captain.

Steve's mother and sister stayed with him several days before they left for their home. Tracey was to enter Northwestern with the next Freshman class, and Steve took pleasure in introducing her to the girls, whom she was to know better in the next few years. Laura Merrill and she became fast friends and when the train bore Tracey homeward, she wore the little pledge ribbon of Gamma Alpha, though Steve did not know it.

Before they left, word had come that Congress had passed the bill awarding medals of honor to the brave members of the crew, and this was no small source of satisfaction to them.

The few weeks that intervened before the Christmas vacation speedily passed, and the students closed their books to leave for the home fireside. Leslie, who lived on the distant Pacific coast, was to go home with Steve, and Harney was to join them

there during the last part of the holiday season, and they planned to return to college together.

The last night had come. Steve and Leslie had gone to bed and, as was their wont, had talked of the doings of the past months.

"They have been happy, busy months," said Steve, "months that I will ever treasure for the good that has been in them for me. I am glad that I have lived them here beneath the trees of this old college town. I am glad that Northwestern is my *alma mater*, with its lofty and noble ideals for my inspiration."

[THE END.]

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